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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

August 24, 1907.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE TERRORS OF TANGIER.

At the present time the eyes of the civilised world are turned towards Morocco, where hordes of fanatical Arabs and Moors are fighting to wipe out civilisation and security for Europeans. Already several important towns—notably, Casa Blanca and Mazagan—have suffered terribly, and Europeans in Tangier, fearing that the trouble will reach to there, are hastening across to Gibraltar and the Spanish coast, many of them finding refuge in Algeciras. Among them are many Jews, for even in times of peace it is no uncommon thing to see the Moorish officials ill-treating the Jews. Parties of Jewish travellers are often severely handled by the Customs officers. They beat the men unmercifully, and show no respect for the women's baggage in their search for plunder. The Jew in Morocco wears a long gabardine with frogged braid not unlike a Hussar's.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Are Monarchs Necessary?

FOR.

"I SEE in your Majesty's visit the expression of the good relations between our two people." In these words, spoken by the German Emperor to King Edward on the occasion of their recent meeting, we get the essence of the usefulness of monarchs. The King is the nation personified, and his Majesty stands for diplomacy simplified. Englishmen, generally speaking, are not given to the study of international politics. It is sufficient for the patience and perseverance of most to grapple with those at home; yet how is it that all of us could give a more definite account of our relations with the nations of the world than of the attitude and intentions of our home government? No more convincing reply to this question could be found than that furnished by the King's visit to the Kaiser. Two years ago the monarchs met with a formal salute amidst the ominous silence of the German people, fifty highly charged, garrulous International Peace Conferences.

Considered from a purely selfish and personal point of view, a king is necessary to our feelings of security, and we do not hesitate to put the entire burden of securing our national happiness and prosperity on to royal shoulders. At such times as crises threaten in any direction, it is to the King we turn to get us out of our difficulty. "What will the King do?" is our first thought, and with what the King does comes the sigh of relief.

And kings are not merely a habit with us; it is ingrained in the very nature of man to look to a supreme head, and those nations who have deposed their monarch, or have never known the satisfaction of possessing one, promptly put up a president, and attempt to surround him with as much make-belief dignity as they dare. Unhappy, indeed, are the countries which know no king, for to them is lost the better half of patriotism

every retailer aims at producing and selling something worthy of royal favour; and most of us are prepared to say that what is good enough for the King will suffice for us.

In England, at all events, charity may be declared to begin with its monarch. King Edward stands at the head of every work of benevolence which has any claim to importance. What more can we ask to prove that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, a monarch is not only necessary, but absolutely indispensable to our welfare and contentment? Let us give every other sentiment the go-by while we can raise our voices to cry—"Hats off, gentlemen. The King!"

AGAINST.

Monarchs are born that they may not rule. In some countries this state is regarded as a pleasing piece of fiction; in others as an inevitable nuisance; in yet others they are set to purposes

processions. And at the present day such spectacles are far better placed in a theatre or on a pageant ground than in the streets of cities, where they disorganise the traffic, and cause suffering and irritation among thousands who line the route in order to be raised to the summit of expectation, only to meet with inevitable disappointment. It is

NOT THE FAULT OF MONARCHS

that even for show purposes they are no longer effective or entertaining. The business-like tone of the world denies them the opportunity of figuring, except on the rarest occasion, in the purple and fine linen of their birthright.

For the most part they must rest content with the gear of the humble civilian, or figure in the uniform to which they have an honorary title. The speeches they make and the addresses they read must possess a palpably ready-made air, and all true sentiment is bottled up by officialdom.

The Shakespearian axiom, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is true to-day, but in a far different significance from that intended by the bard. The uneasiness of monarchs is no longer that of the times in which kings held kingly sway—when they were absolutely autocrats. The modern "ruler" stands by while the State does all the bungling for which a king is nominally responsible. A monarch is the "nominal head" of the army, the navy, the government, and the nation generally; but between him and the actual guidance of affairs there is a colossal piece of machinery which

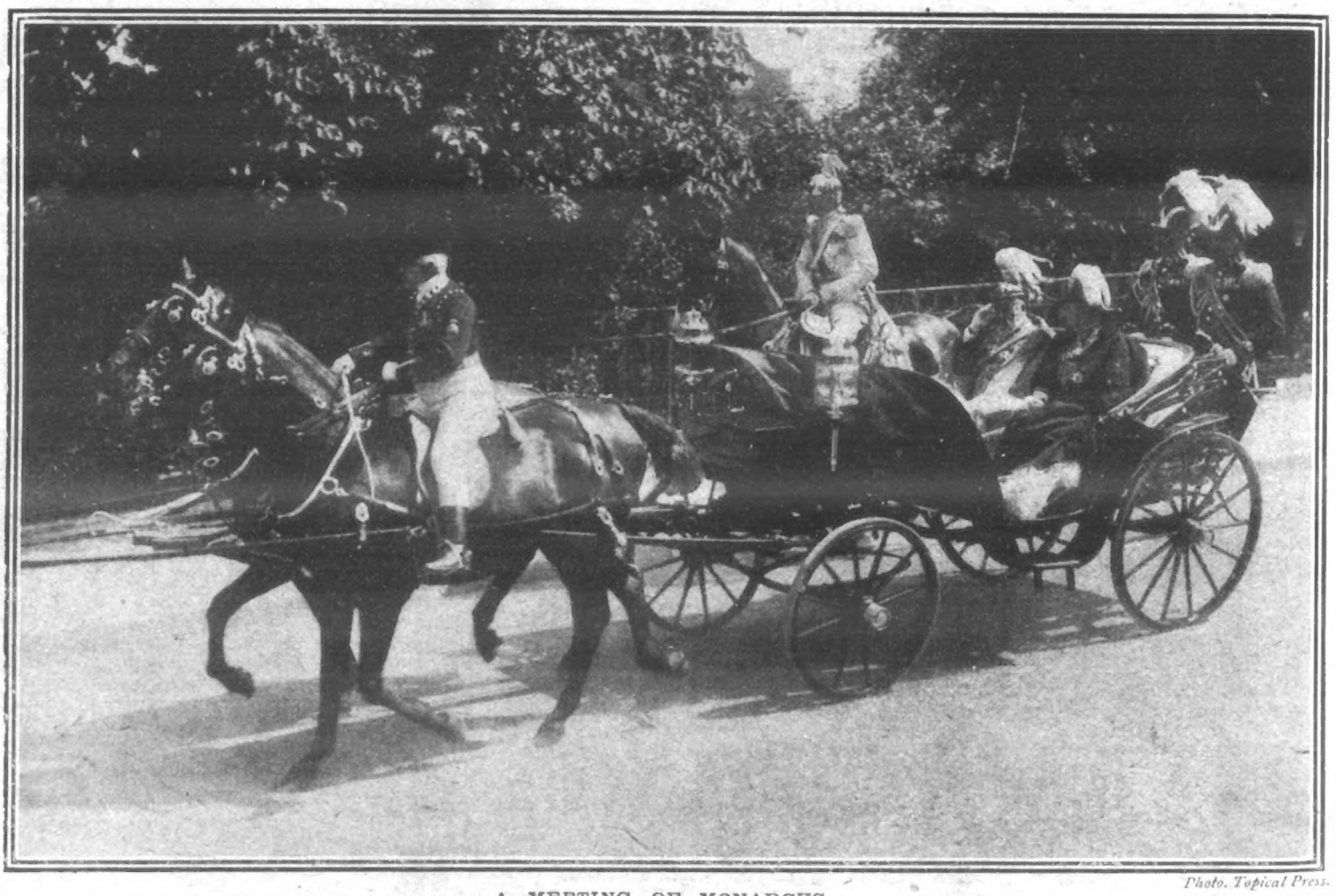


Photo. Topical Press.

A MEETING OF MONARCHS.

One of the most interesting of recent events is the meeting of King Edward and the Kaiser. It has been stated that the meeting was purely a friendly one; but the presence of certain influential Ministers seems to suggest something more important. One thing is quite certain: in every possible way the Kaiser has paid honour to our King, and done his utmost to demonstrate the friendliness of his feelings towards Great Britain. Our photograph shows the King and Kaiser driving through the grounds of Wilhelmshöhe Castle.

This year King Edward's appearance in Germany has been the signal for an outburst of extraordinary enthusiasm; the "Hochs" of the Germans mingled with the "Hurrahs" of the English, while the two crowned heads met in an embrace of glad and hearty welcome. What precisely has happened during the two years' interval not one in a hundred could say with any degree of certainty; how much or how little history has been made is the business of diplomats. It is sufficient for us to know that the King has kissed the Kaiser on the cheek. Could any amount of eloquence be so beautifully explicit, or so reassuring of our present friendly relationship with the Fatherland?

But we must not only regard monarchs as

THE BAROMETERS OF INTERNATIONAL FEELING;

we must appreciate the fact that a King such as we are blessed with is in himself a mighty power for good, both at home and abroad. A smile and a handshake from King Edward can do more towards securing the endurance of good-will than

and the whole spirit of loyalty. No matter how much we may extol patriotism, it is really a cold thing compared with that loyalty which thrills every heart at the cry of "The King!" It is the magic of the word which fires the courage of the soldier on the field of battle, and who, having witnessed a royal visitor passing among the sufferers of a hospital ward, has never forgotten the faces of those who have been given hope and cheer by their King.

MONARCHS ARE UNDENIABLY GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

The benefits which arise in all directions from State functions are far-reaching. What some may regard as an aimless display of pomp and vanity brings work to an enormous number of men and women each season; indeed, there are many industries to which extinction would quickly come if it were not for the existence of a Court, the entertaining of royalty, and the public visits of kings from place to place. Royal appointments and royal patronage constitute one of the chief incentives to trade in this country. Every manufacturer and

which could quite well be carried out by any level-headed and cultured functionary. In youth some of us dream of wearing a crown and waving a sceptre, but, happily, most of us abandon this vain longing in favour of a burning desire to drive an engine or steer a ship. Perhaps kings, too, in their tender years, have visions of a practical existence, which haunts them long after they have entered on the thankless and exhausting business of keeping up the mockery of sovereignty. Every kindly disposed person must, of course, have a sympathetic regard for kings, while they continue to wonder why they are maintained at an appalling cost for the ostensible purpose of wearing a crown which they do not assume half-a-dozen times in a lifetime.

A great plea in favour of kings is that they add to the gaiety of nations in satisfying the human demand for brilliant and imposing spectacles. But when we come to regard this side of monarchy through a pair of opera-glasses, all we see is something that could be far excelled by any moderately clever organiser of pantomimes or circus

rumbles on in the supposed interest of all, and the maintenance of an imaginary kingship.

If we are to be convinced that monarchs are necessary we must receive unmistakable proof that there is one Sovereign existing at least, who is carrying on the rule of his country in a single-handed fashion, which is the true significance of the word king, and with results that are a convincing argument in favour of monarchs. The best we can do is to point to the pitiable example of Russia, where the Tsar is not only traditionally but actually the supreme power. And here we see that human beings have not, and cannot have, utter confidence in autocratic rule. With this admission down tumbles the only true argument which should be used in support of monarchs. In short, monarchs have become unnecessary, and we continue to recognise them only because of their social charms, their private virtues, and the good they do as conscientious mortals endeavouring to take their place genially in the world, while making the best of their anomalous and wearying occupation.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued).*

Now, although the huge budget of letters I received cheered me up most tremendously, yet, at the same time, they did not tend to decrease my nervousness, for, from the moment I arrived back from school at Brussels, wherever I went people seemed to recognise me. In restaurants, 'buses, railways, cabs, everywhere I heard muttered whispers of—"There 's Phyllis Dare: I wonder what she will be like as the Belle of Mayfair," and so on and so forth, until really I almost began to wish that my name was Polly Jones or Sally Smith, or somebody whom no one knew anything about, because, you see, after having spent several months in quiet, sleepy old Brussels, where no notice was taken of one at all, it seemed so strange to find oneself transformed into a sort of "walking side-show."

Still, I got used to it after a time, and, indeed, I was so busy learning my part all day, practising songs and dances, trying on dresses innumerable and boots and shoes galore, that really I had very little time to think of anything else except real solid, downright hard work.

The night before I took up Miss May's part I scarcely slept a wink, through thinking of the coming ordeal, and as the hour approached for me to start for the theatre I felt more and more "funky," as I had heard that every seat in the house had been booked up for days. However, I determined to take things as philosophically as I could, and so when I drove along the Strand and saw long lines of people stretching from the early doors of the Vaudeville Theatre right down to almost as far as the eye could see, I just clenched my glove tightly and said nothing—though, like the sailor's parrot, I have a strong notion that I thought quite a lot.

I dressed almost as one in a dream, but all the members of the company were so tremendously sympathetic and thoughtful that I felt that, at any rate, I carried the good wishes of the theatre with me.

At last my call arrived. For a second I stood in the wings feeling that wild horses would fail to drag me on the stage. Then, all of a sudden, the thought flashed across my brain that few actresses, so early in life, had ever had so tremendous a chance of making a name for themselves as was mine at that very moment. "So here goes," I thought, as I mentally shook hands with myself.

I stepped on to the stage. Phyllis Dare was no more; she had suddenly changed into "The Belle of Mayfair."

But the cheering! As I write now in the summer-house of a shady garden at Herne Bay, I still seem to hear it ringing in my ears. The crowded house seemed to be applauding as if by machinery, which transformed a thousand clapping hands into one great volume of welcome. For at least five minutes I stood there, waiting for the applause to subside; and during that time I learnt a lesson which, I hope, as long as I live, I shall never forget—it was that the public will always stand by those who have been wronged. To an actress, surely no possible thought could be more consoling. At last, after what seemed to me about half a lifetime condensed into a space of five minutes, silence was restored, and, curiously enough, for the rest of the evening I never felt a trace of nervousness, although during the interval crowds of interviewers called to see me, hosts of telegrams from friends arrived every two minutes, and messages of congratulation were showered upon me by many kind well-wishers.

Yes, indeed, that was the most exciting experience I have ever had—and probably ever shall have—in the whole course of my career.

Still, all the same, I must confess that when I went to bed that night, although everything had passed off as smoothly as possible, yet the last thought which occurred to me before I dropped off to sleep was: "I wish I was back again at school, in that plainly furnished little bed-room in Brussels."

The strain and excitement of the evening had been almost more than I could bear.

CHAPTER VII.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS ON THE STAGE.

AS I have said before, it seems to have been my fate to have to leave pieces before the expiration of the run, for early in December last year I was forced to relinquish my part to fulfil a contract to appear in pantomime at Edinburgh as Cinderella. My successor as "The Belle" was Miss Billie Burke. Words cannot express how sad I felt when I left London, for everyone in the theatre had been so extremely kind to me that I seemed to be saying good-bye to a party of old friends; still, all good things come to an end, and life sometimes seems to be one long series of "How do you do's?" and "Good-bye's."

After pantomime, which passed off most successfully, I enjoyed quite a long rest for a whole six weeks, when I commenced a round of concerts at various towns throughout the country. One thing in particular struck me when I was visiting a large number of provincial towns, and that was the extraordinary number of girls in other professions who wished to adopt the stage as a means of making a livelihood.

Thus hardly a day passed that I did not receive requests from would-be actresses—and would-be actors too—asking my advice on "How to succeed on the stage." Now, I fear the real secret of success in the theatrical profession remains yet to be discovered; but still, at the same time, there are various hard-and-fast rules which, at any rate, are well worth bearing in mind.

The great mistake, I think, that most people make is the prevalent belief that if they fail to succeed in other walks of life there always remains the stage as an infallible "fall-back." Never, however, was an idea more erroneous, for the stage calls for the possession of certain qualities just in the same way as do all other professions.

And yet, week in week out, managers and theatrical agents are bombarded with letters from theatrical "stars" (!) many of whom have had absolutely no experience of the life at all, and, worse still, possess no real ability. But nothing but failure seems to convince them that they have made a serious mistake in their choice of an occupation. Seldom, indeed, is the ambitious one content to take the advice of those who have had practical experience of the trials and hardships which are inevitable before one can arrive within measurable distance of the top of the theatrical ladder.

Perhaps, therefore, my humble advice on "aids to success on the stage" may prove of some value to a few, at any rate, of the thousands of readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. And if such prove to be the case I shall feel that these lines have not been written in vain. Would that I could only be of real service to the many hard-working, conscientious members and would-be members of the profession who are struggling to win fame and fortune!

In the first place "Personality," an almost indescribable quality, is situated very near indeed to the top of the ladder labelled "Success." In fact, I am strongly of the opinion that personality is of even greater value than beauty, either of face or figure, to a woman—and better than a handsome face and physique to a man. In America this indefinable characteristic is, I believe, popularly known as "personal magnetism," and the description, I think, is a good one, for so long as that magnetism is there the public will surely overlook many shortcomings, and will, indeed, often forgive failure.

In studying the history of the stage it has often struck me that the measure of success of many famous actors and actresses has been regulated almost entirely by the amount of personal fascination they possessed. Some persons will spend years in studying elocution and deportment and acting in general; and yet, although, perhaps, from the point of view of good acting their performances have been quite meritorious they have completely failed to "get there"—if I may be allowed to use an enlightening slang expression.

On the other hand, many actors and actresses have achieved instantaneous success without having worked nearly as hard as many "failures" have done. The reason for this is not far to seek—it lies in that great quality "personality."

I trust that it will not be thought that I am suggesting that hard work is not essential to success on the stage—it is of the highest importance. But I am merely pointing out that sometimes years of hard work may end only in failure, because the would-be "star" is, unfortunately, lacking in personal magnetism. Still, it would be a great mistake to overlook the fact that, to do any lasting good on the stage, a theatrical education is just as necessary to an actor or actress as is reading and writing to a schoolboy.

By the way, some of the letters I have received from budding Irvings and Terrys have been most amusing. The following, for example, will serve to show how curious and weird are certain aspirants to theatrical fame. Only a short time ago, I received this strange communication, written by a girl from Manchester: "I am considered pretty, though some people say my figure is too stout, while you will see from the photograph which I enclose that I have rather a cast in my eyes, which, however, the doctors say they can cure. I feel sure I could play a leading part in a musical comedy, as I am very quick, and, in spite of never having had dancing or singing lessons, I know I could do both in a very short time. At present I am engaged in a dressmaker's shop, and earn ten shillings a week, working eleven hours a day. Oh, Miss Dare, do help me to get an engagement, for I am so miserable that life does not seem worth living."

When I was in "The Belle of Mayfair" I received this strange letter from a male correspondent who had seen Harry Randall in the pantomime, and evidently desired to follow in his footsteps, "even if only as a humble understudy." "I have heard," runs the letter, "that Harry Randall earns quite a lot of money. Now I wants to make this offer, which I hopes you will consider quite fair and sporting, as it is intended to be. I am 'boots' in a large hotel in Northumberland Avenue, but would willingly throw up my job to better myself as a comedian. I sing songs in a manner which my fellow-servants tell me is unequalled. What I would like you, Miss, to do is to try and get me a situation, even if only as understudy to Mr. Harry Randall or some other famous comedian. At first I would be content with a small celery, and therefore, would agree to accept three pounds a week, as a start, with beer money. If things went well I hope you would not consider an extra pound a week too much for beer money. It must be very warm work being an actorist."

I am not an authority on the market value of beer, but from the tone of this letter I imagine my would-be comedian friend could hardly be classed quite as a teetotaler. Now, I ask you what can I do in a case like this? It must, I know, be disappointing to receive an unsatisfactory reply, so perhaps I had better leave this letter unanswered.

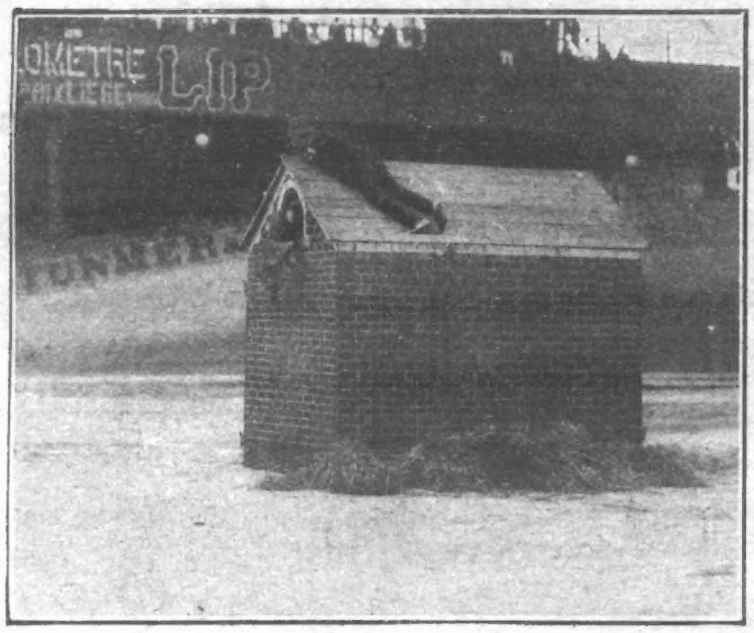
I suppose all those who are subjected to the glare of publicity are simply bound to receive letters from people whom they do not know, and are, by the same token, never likely to know. I realise quite well, however, that these letters are almost invariably written with the best intentions, and therefore one can hardly help feeling grateful for the interest which others take in one's welfare.

(To be continued.)

Photo. Bassano.

MISS PHYLLIS DARE IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR,"

In which she made a great success. Our illustration depicts Miss Dare singing one of the most popular numbers in the piece.



DOG DETECTIVES IN PARIS.

A number of interesting experiments, intended to show the value of trained dogs to the law, have just taken place. Our photo. shows a trained dog searching for a rough hidden about the model house. The dog, having searched the house in vain, is seen leaving by the window. He then—

DODGES OF DOG DETECTIVES

How Paris Hopes to Help Her Gendarmes to Capture Apaches (Hooligans).

then, forcing an iron door, made their way upstairs to the shop, where they laid hands on all the jewellery not locked up in the safe.

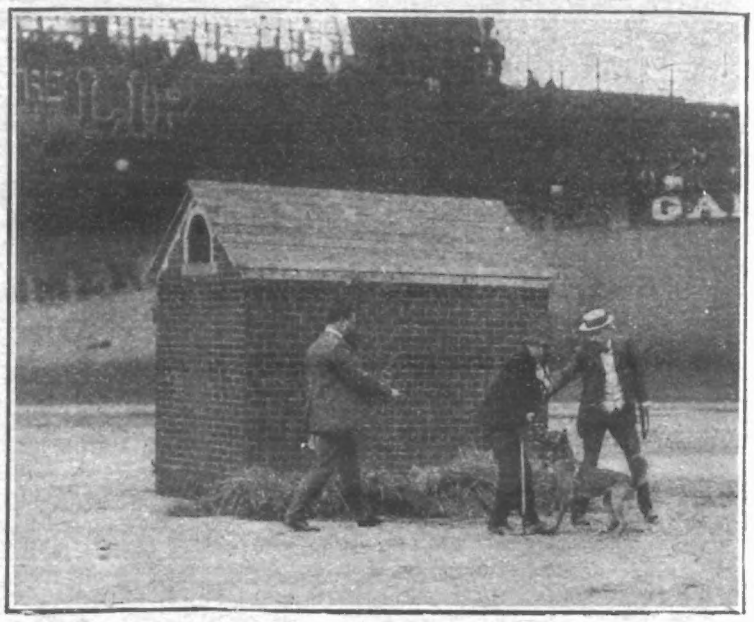
EXPENSIVE POLICE.

MR. JACOB C. HAMBURG, head of the detective agency recently employed by Commissioner Bingham to investigate the methods of the police of the borough of Brooklyn, states (according to an *Express* correspondent) that the police of New York City exact from £800,000 to £1,000,000 a year for the protection of vice and crime.

He estimates that on the east side alone £40,000 a month goes into the pockets of policemen and politicians for this purpose.

Mr. Hamburg says: "The Police Department has never been in a more demoralised condition than at the present time. We investigated Coney Island, and found it wide open. Saloons, houses, and gambling dives violated the law without hindrance.

"The new 'Tenderloin' district in New York yields about £20 000 a month."



DOG DETECTIVES IN PARIS.

—discovers the would-be burglar on the roof and drags him down, where he is captured by the owner of the house (who has been aroused by the noise) and taken off to the police-station. It is not officially reported that the dog gains promotion.

NO DOGS NEEDED.

£2000 ROBBERY.

A DARING robbery of jewellery, worth close upon £2000, was effected at a jeweller's premises close to the police-station at Richmond on Monday night. Fortunately, the two men were caught as they were leaving the town with their "swag" by Constables Hutton and Edgewick, who were patrolling Richmond Green early in the morning, when two young men, one carrying a small bag, walked by.

"What have you got in that bag?" asked the policemen. This seemed to settle the burglars, for they gave in at once.

With the remark, "It 's a fair cop!" one of the men handed over the bag, which was crammed full of jewellery.

The men were secured and taken to the police-station.

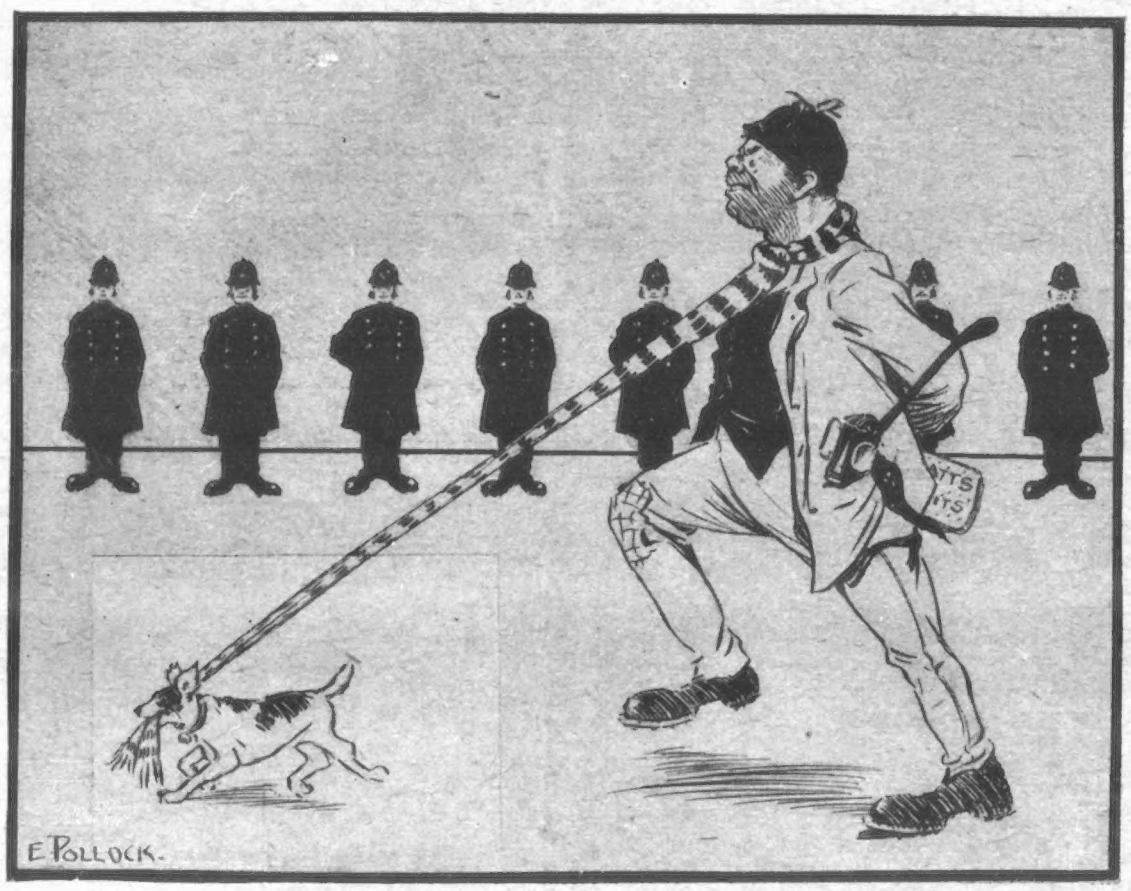
"Our luck is out, and yours is in," was the glum remark of one of them.

At the police-station the men gave the names of Charles Johnson, 22, and James Owen, 21, and both said they had no fixed abode.

The police, having secured their prisoners, set out on the task of tracing the ownership of the glittering heap of jewels.

Next door but one to the police-station—divided from it only by the big projecting shop-front of a furnishing firm—is the shop of Messrs. Cockburn, jewellers and silversmiths, well known in Richmond. Dividing this shop from the furniture shop is Church Passage. The police found that the cover to the coal-shoot of the jewellers' premises had been tampered with.

Further investigation showed that the two men had descended to the cellar of the premises through the shoot, and



EVERY DOG ITS OWN POLICEMAN.

It is quite possible, if the "dog detective" enthusiasts are to be believed, that crime will soon be practically done away with All you do is to keep a dog. If you don't pay your license—what does the dog do?

motor-omnibuses, there have been a large number of cases of severe headache and sore throat.

"Ludgate Circus is about the worst point," he said. "The street is narrow, and we get the smoke down our throats for eight hours at a stretch. I often finish off with a splitting headache and a sore throat—just the same sort of feeling you get when you are in a fever.

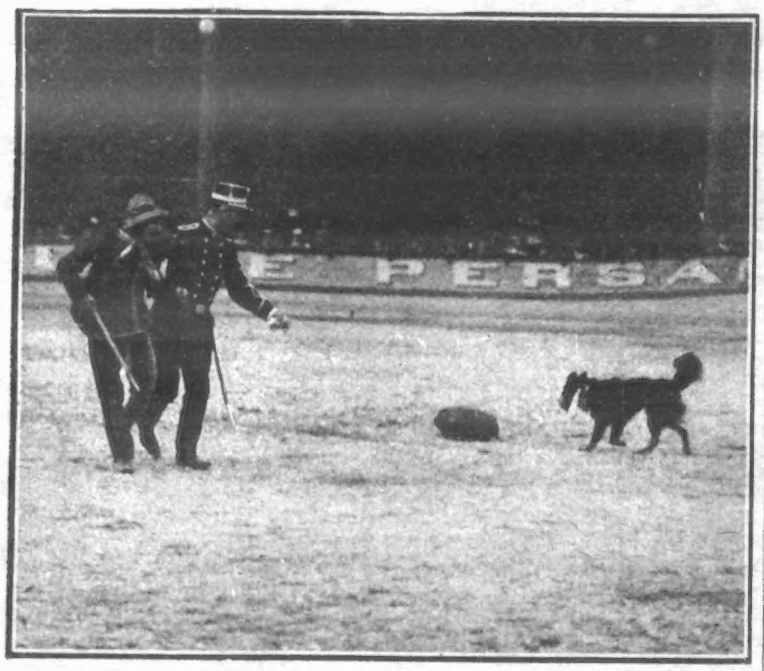
"I should not be surprised if the noise of the motor-omnibuses has also something to do with the headache, but there is no getting away from the fact that the complaint, whatever it is, is a new one, and I, for one, am sure it is due to the motor-omnibuses.

BOMBS AT BATOUM

A BOMB attempt was made last Monday on the life of M. Yermoloff, District Chief of Osurgety, in the Government of Kutais. M. Yermoloff's wife was with him at the time. Both luckily escaped with slight injury. Their assailants opened fire on the police when they ran up, killing a passer-by and wounding another. Four of the criminals were captured.

The explosion and shooting caused a panic among the worshippers in the Cathedral, which is close to the scene of the outrage, and one person died from heart disease.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C.*



DOG DETECTIVES IN PARIS.

It is also affirmed that the Customs will find the dogs invaluable. Our picture shows a dog guarding smuggled goods while the smuggler is being led away to prison.

POLICEMEN'S NEW TROUBLE.

CITY policemen are complaining of a new disease, which they declare is caused by the fumes of motor-omnibuses.

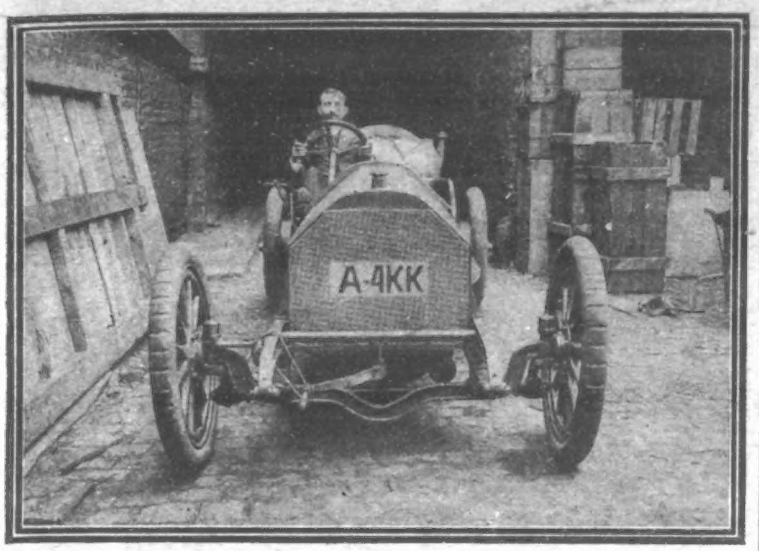
The men who suffer most are the ones engaged in directing traffic at such centres as the Bank, Ludgate Circus, and Holborn Circus. The symptoms are headache and sore throat, and they are especially severe after a spell of duty at points where there is much motor-omnibus traffic.

A policeman whose duty consists largely in directing the City traffic told a reporter that although no men in the City force were actually on the sick list as a direct result of the fumes from

Photos. Illus. Bureau.

DOG DETECTIVES IN PARIS.

It is proposed that a number of the dogs should be stationed on the frontier for the purpose of seeing undesirables across the border into the next country.



FIFTY-SIX MILES AN HOUR.

This is the speed at which Mr. Daniel M. Weigel is said to have driven his car, which is the one that represented England in the Grand Prix. Mr. Weigel stated in defence that his clutch fired at Reigate Hill, and it was therefore impossible for the car to travel at more than sixteen miles an hour. The police stated, however, that the electric timing apparatus gave the car's speed as nearly sixty miles an hour on a road busy with cyclists and pedestrians. The defendant was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for dangerous driving, and fined £10 for refusing to stop when called upon, and £10 costs. Notice of appeal was given.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

FROM London and various parts of England may now be observed the new comet, officially known as "D 1907." It is the fourth comet discovered this year, and was first observed at Princeton, U.S.A., on June 9.

It is one of the most brilliant comets seen for years past; in fact, the brightest since the visitant seen in the Southern Hemisphere from London in June 1881. The tail of the new comet has been calculated to be about 9,000,000 miles long, more or less.

Last Thursday the comet was at its brightest for observers in London and the Midlands, and should still be on view for more than a week. The time to observe it is between half-past two and three in the morning. Any person looking due east will then easily distinguish the comet.

THE LARGEST ON EARTH.

THE Mersey Dock and Harbour Board have accepted a tender for the construction of the largest sand-pump dredger ever designed. It will lift 10,000 tons of sand in fifty minutes by suction from a depth of 70ft. This gigantic craft is to be built by Messrs. Cammell, Laird's, and is the first large contract which has been received for their new shipbuilding-yards on the Mersey. The approaches to the Mersey are to be further deepened to accommodate such enormous liners as the *Lusitania* and *Mauritania*.

100 YEARS AGO.

NEW YORK HARBOUR'S PAGEANT.

IN honour of the centenary of the first trip of America's first steamboat, New York Harbour was jubilant on Saturday, and to aid the festivity the great Atlantic liners, as they came into the bay, arrayed themselves from stem to stern in bunting. At one o'clock the hundreds of vessels in the harbour dipped their ensigns and tooted with their steam-whistles, for at that hour, one hundred years ago, Robert Fulton's *Clermont* steamed painfully and haltingly up the Hudson River, in the presence of derisive sailing masters, who offered to "give her a tow."

The procession of liners (says the *Telegraph*), looking very stately and beautiful as they glided across the sunlit waters of the bay, was an interesting commentary upon that historic incident.

THE BROKEN MELODY.

WHILE arranging his music for last Sunday morning's service in Stoke Brucrn Church, Northampton, Mr. Coy, the organist, suddenly fell from his seat at the organ, and lay still. Members of the choir and congregation rushed to see what was the matter, and were greatly shocked when one of their number, a doctor, said that Mr. Coy had died—from a sudden attack of heart-disease.

Canon Cox fainted in the vestry, and several of the congregation were similarly overcome.

2000 ESPERANTISTS.

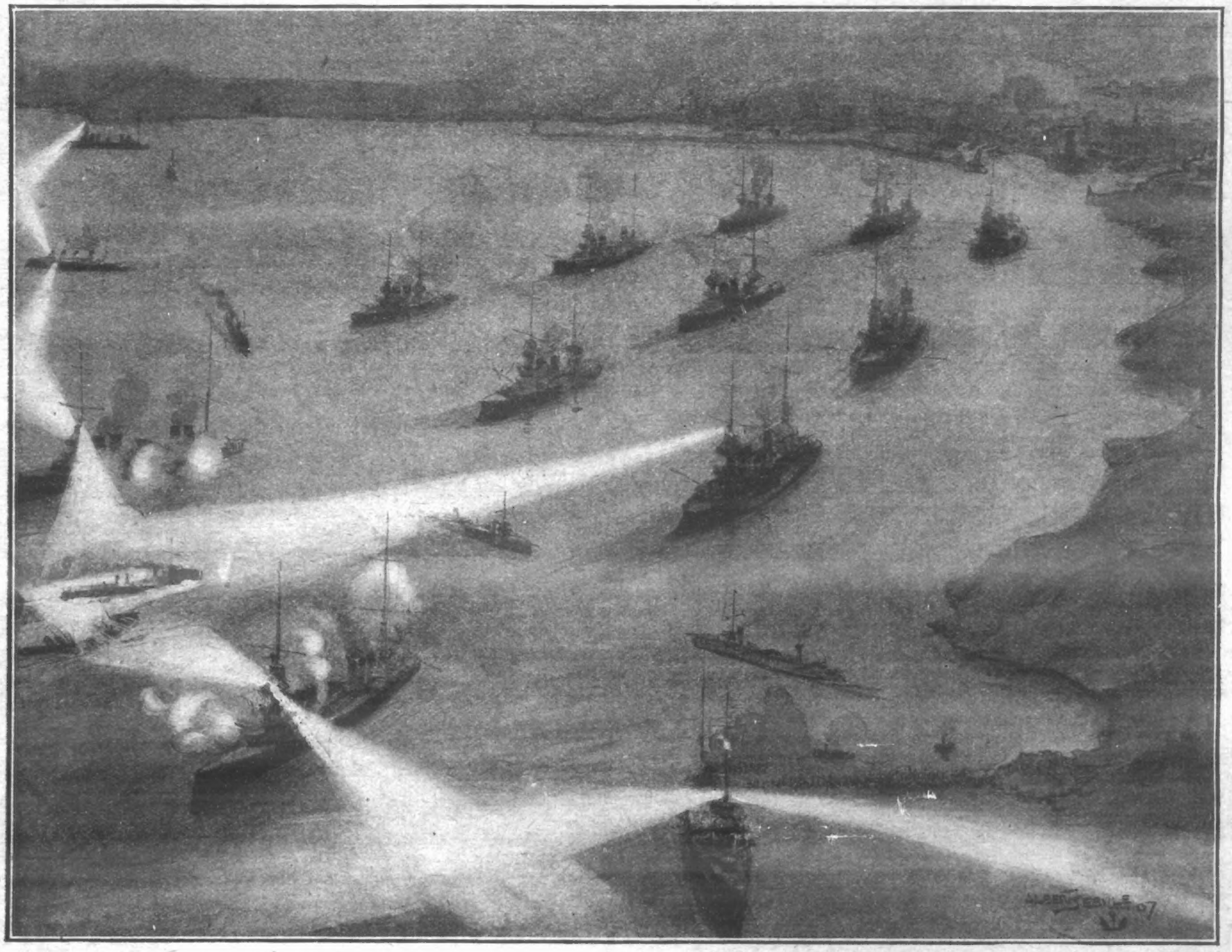
TWENTY years ago the first textbook on Esperanto was issued. It was a small affair, and was hardly noticed. To-day thousands of people are conversant with this auxiliary language, and nearly two thousand experts in the tongue from all parts of the world assembled in congress at Cambridge on Monday, Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of the language, being present.

The whole meeting, including the drawing-up of the rules, the appointment of officers, and the reports from delegates, was conducted in Esperanto, and was in every way most successful.

A POLICEMAN WHO ESPERANTS.

Police-Sergeant Gates, of the Cambridge Borough Police force, who is an accomplished Esperantist, and has this week proved invaluable to dozens of bewildered polyglots, who seemed to speak every language under the sun except English.

FRENCH FLEET'S FENCE OF LIGHT.



A POLYGON OF LIGHT PROTECTING A FLEET MOORED FOR THE NIGHT.

This evolution, practised by the French Navy, shows how a fleet of battle-ships is guarded by cruisers. A polygon of searchlight rays is flung round a fleet moored for the night, making it impossible for the enemy's fleet to enter the lines without being at once discovered.

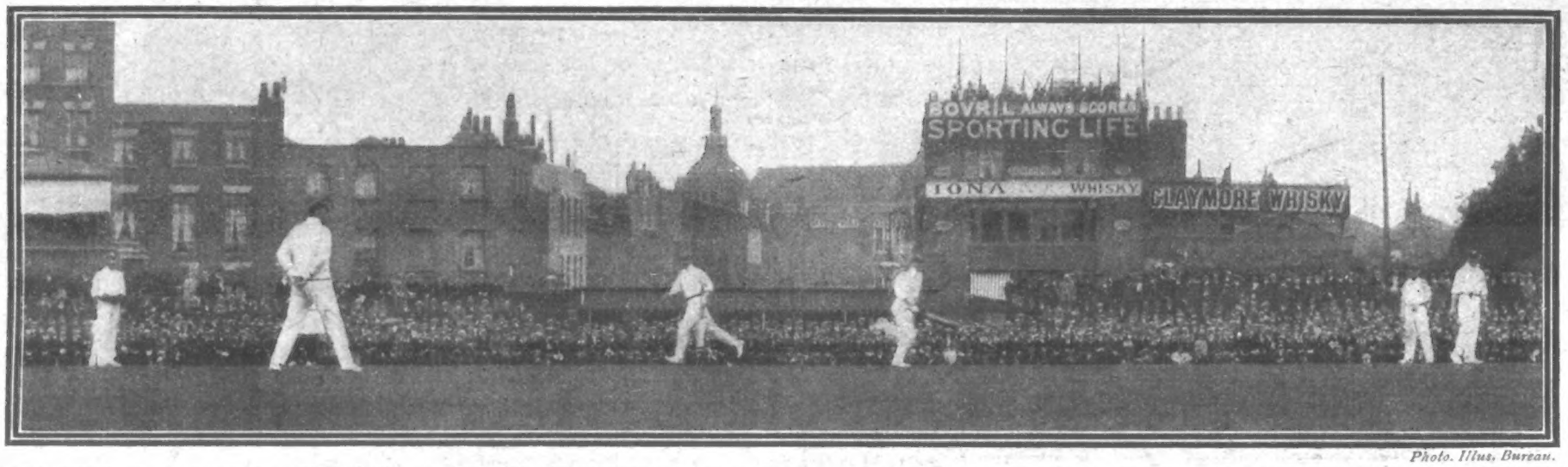


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

LAST WEEK F. C. HOLLAND, THE POPULAR SURREY PROFESSIONAL, WAS GIVEN A BENEFIT AT THE OVAL, WHICH WAS ATTENDED LARGELY, ENSURING A GOOD PURSE FOR THE LUCKY PLAYER. IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH WE SHOW HOLLAND (ON THE LEFT) AND CRAWFORD RUNNING.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

WITHIN a few weeks cricket's all-too-brief career of the present season will have ended so far as England is concerned, but from the distant Antipodes will come news from time to time of what our men—it would be an absurdity to say our best—are doing against the Australians. The team that is going on tour is a good one, but it is not representative, and it would not surprise me if Australia recovers the ashes. More of that anon.

Notts are still unbeaten, and it is more than likely that they will wind up by winning the championship. Derbyshire are their latest victims, the latter county going under to the leaders by nine wickets. The match was played on a very much damaged wicket. The consequence was that Wass and Hallam did pretty well as they liked with the Derbyshire batsmen, and bowled unchanged throughout, the former getting ten wickets for 67 runs and his confrère eight for 84.

Holland's benefit at the Oval was fairly successful, it being estimated that about 27,000 people were present altogether. At one time Surrey appeared to have the match well in hand, but Yorkshire are a force not to be lightly reckoned with. The home county had first innings, and made 294 before the last wicket fell. Yorkshire responded with 162, so that Surrey entered upon their second innings with a lead of 132 runs.

The northern county's position looked hopeless, for their rivals made 206 for five wickets, and declared. However, John Tunnicliffe and George Hirst rose to a great occasion, the Pudsey man making 103 (not out), and his sturdy little comrade 63. It was a gallant effort, well worthy of two men whose names are household words in the cricket world.

In the autumn there is no side harder to beat than Middlesex. Earlier in the season they have to take the field without their vacation contingent, but, once the schools are closed and the 'Varsity term ended, trouble begins for their opponents. In their match with Lancashire, they gave a very fine exhibition of how to play cricket, and won by an innings and 28 runs.

One gratifying feature of the play was the return to form of Jack Hearne. In the present season he has been generally looked upon as a back number—a man who has had his day, and who is of very little more use for cricket purposes. Against Lancashire he easily dispelled this idea, as in the first innings he took five wickets for 38 runs, and in the second six for 29. Albert Trott also did well, his five wickets in the match being gained at the small cost of 21 runs, besides hitting very finely for 52.

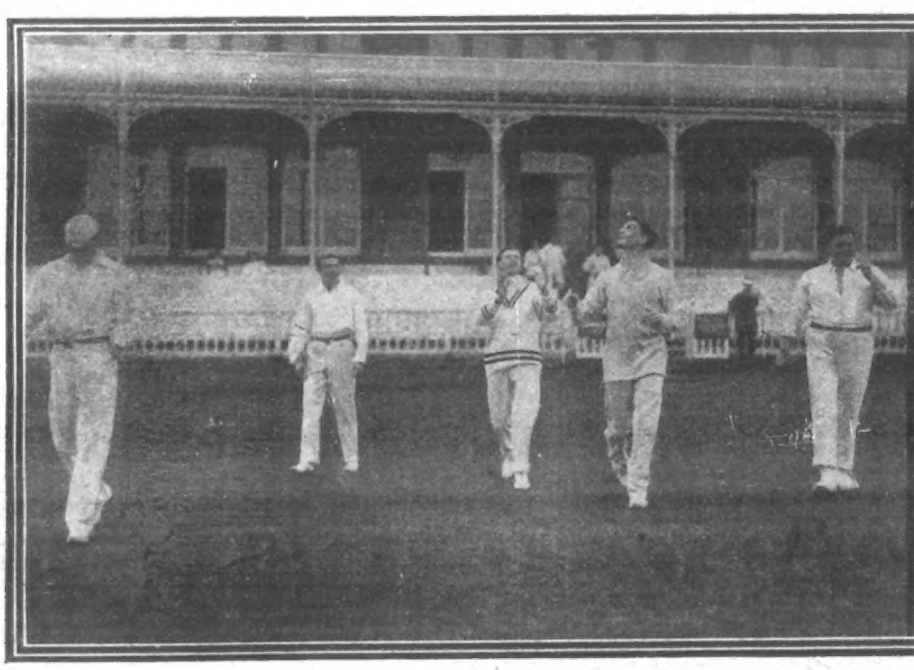
Gloucestershire gained a smart victory over Hampshire, thanks largely to the batting of F. H. B. Champain (70) and Gilbert Jessop (92), the latter a fine innings that only lasted an hour and five minutes. Some splendid bowling by Dennett and Mills clinched matters, and the western county won by 83 runs. Northants collapsed badly against Leicestershire, the latter county winning by 115 runs. In their second innings the losers only made 35, Astill taking five wickets for 17 runs, and Odell four for 9.

Despite a big effort by Lionel Palairet in the second innings, Kent easily defeated Somerset by an innings and 103 runs. Seymour and J. R. Mason both made centuries, and in all departments Somerset was outplayed. There was an exciting finish to the match between Sussex and Worcestershire, time probably saving the former county, as when time was called the Westerners only wanted three runs with two wickets in hand.

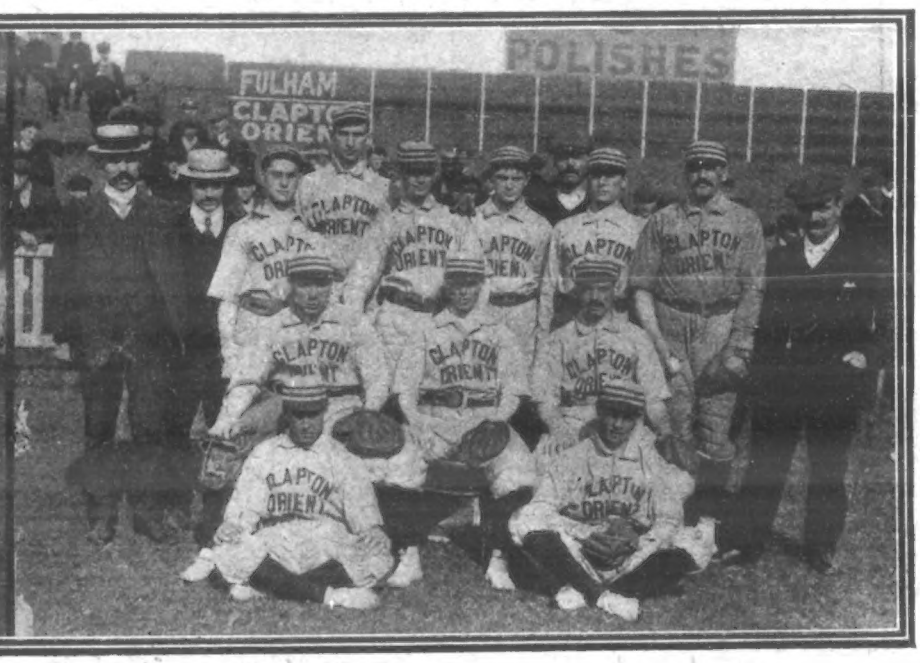
The South Africans gained an easy victory over Essex at Leyton, but there was nothing very startling in the play, the visiting bowlers having the mastery throughout. The Colonials had a much

Photo. C. Muggeridge.

THE KENSAL RISE UNIONS SOCIAL INSTITUTES SPORTS: THE 100-YARDS HANDICAP, WHICH WAS WON BY J. BIRCH (6); W. HARRIS (7) WAS SECOND, AND M. DRIVER (19) THIRD.



ACTORS AND AUTHORS AT LORDS: THE ACTORS GOING OUT TO FIELD.



THE BASEBALL CUP FINAL: WON BY CLAPTON ORIENT, THE TEAM WE GIVE ABOVE.

ENGLAND'S TEAM FOR THE TEST.

T. HAYWARD (Surrey).

stiffer task when they met England at the Oval in the final Test match. The old country had first innings, and C. B. Fry once again proved what a great batsman he is by scoring a century.

R. E. FOSTER, Captain (Worcestershire).

Our captain, R. E. Foster, also played in his most finished style, and scored 51, but, unfortunately, the weather was of the worst, and some of the players were unable to do themselves justice.

N. A. KNOX (Surrey).

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Athletics proper are on the wane, though in the meanwhile cycling flourishes. We shall soon be face to face with the cross-country season; the leaves will have fallen from the trees and the cinder-path will be deserted.

DRAUND (Somersetshire).

However, everything in its season, so that at the time of writing one has to deal with matters as they are. Taking events that are at present before the public, the one-mile tandem and the fifty-miles championships of the N.C.U. rank first in order of merit.

TYLDESLEY (Lancashire).

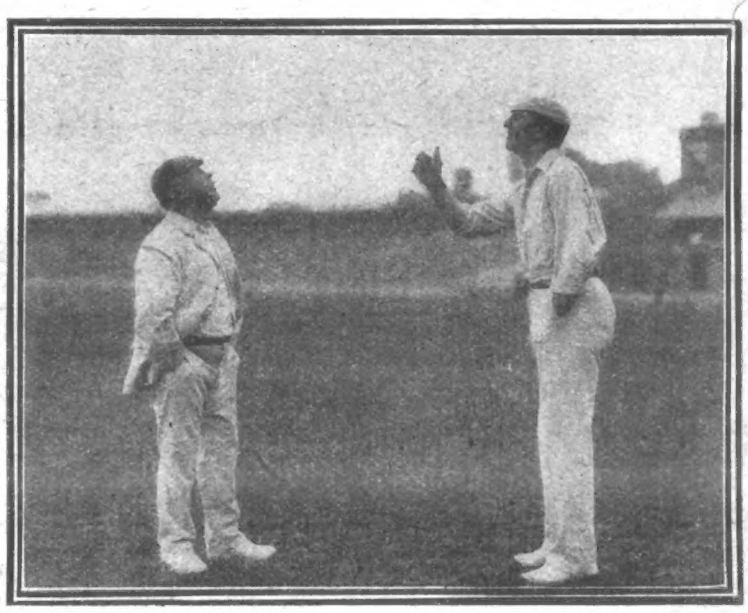
ENGLAND v. S. AFRICA

C. B. FRY (Sussex).

The shorter event was won by the Putney riders, H. T. Johnson and F. C. Hamlin, in 2 min. 11 4-5 sec., their runners-up being V. L. Johnson and A. E. Taylor. Leon Meredith would have competed, but failed to secure a partner. However, he made amends by securing the fifty-miles, but he was hard pushed by D. C. Robertson, the Peterborough cyclist, and he only won by a wheel in 2 hours 18 min. 38 1-5 sec.

The principal winners in the cycle events were those well-known riders, Ernest Payne and G. C. Anderson. The former won the Bath 100-guinea vase, and Anderson accounted for the Tempest Cup, a scratch race at half a mile. The Vase was a five-miles contest, and Payne won fairly easily in 13 min. 22 1-5 sec.

J. W. Morton was competing at the



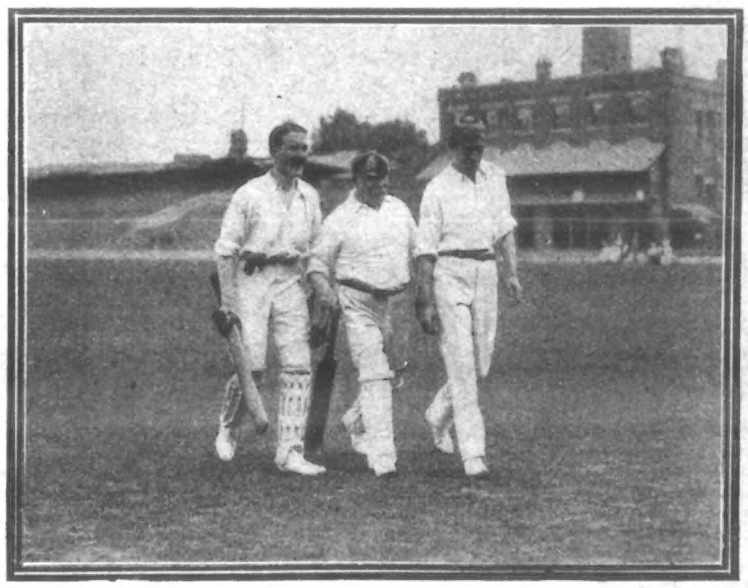
ACTORS v. AUTHORS AT LORD'S.

C. Aubrey Smith, stage-managing Actors' team, and Philip Trevor, editing the Authors' team, toss for choice of innings.

The Bath Cycling Club Festival met with its usual measure of success, and much interesting racing was witnessed. Some surprise was caused by the victory of R. Gibson in the level hundred, J. Austin Miller being generally regarded as the most likely winner, but Gibson broke the worsted first in 10 2-5 sec. In the mile scratch race J. E. Deakin, of the Herne Hill Harriers, breasted the tape first in 4 min. 28 3-5 sec.

Notts Rugby Football Club sports, and with only L. F. Tremeer as a serious rival, he had no difficulty in securing the 100-yards invitation scratch race in 10 2-5 sec. The Salford Harriers won the relay race, but, apart from the two performances mentioned, there was nothing else calling for special mention.

Erith and Belvedere sports are always of an interesting character, and the gathering which took place at the



ACTORS v. AUTHORS.

E. W. Hornung (on the left) and Major Philip Trevor (in the centre) come into lunch.

G. L. JESSOP (Gloucestershire).

recreation ground last Saturday was no exception. The 880-yards open handicap was won by S. Willmott, of the Woolwich Polytechnic Harriers, and the half-mile open cycle handicap was taken by A.

LILLEY (Warwickshire).

Keech, Paddington C.C. A. Ansell, of the Cambridge H., won the open hundred; and the one-mile open cycle handicap was secured by H. H. Lee, of the Putney A.C.

HIRST (Yorkshire).

The Wigan cyclist, Ben Jones, again won the Palmer Cup at the Jarrow C.C. sports, and the victory made the handsome trophy his own property. The distance was two miles, but he only got home by a length in 5 min. 27 4-5 sec. At the Southend Harriers sports E. A.

J. N. CRAWFORD (Surrey).

Chennells, Highgate H., won the open hundred; J. H. Marsh, Herne Hill H., the half-mile; the two-miles walk fell to H. Lane, Cambridge H.; the quarter to S. R. Quartermaine, Kennington H.; and the mile to H. Smith, Herne Hill H.

(*Continued on page 123.*)

BLYTHE (Kent).

FRESH ASPECTS OF THE ANTIPON TREATMENT.

From whatever point of view regarded, the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity exhibits merits—proved merits—entirely its own. As a wonderful absorbent of superfluous adipose; as a destroyer of the obstinate tendency to excessive fat development; as a tonic of a high order, promoting appetite and assisting digestion and assimilation, Antipon, the pleasant and perfectly harmless liquid, is recognised by all competent authorities as one of the most important contributions to modern science. There are, however, a few fresh aspects of the treatment which it is wise to call attention to.

Pure, rich blood is the very fount of life and health, and it is useless to try to cure any disease without freeing the vital fluid from effete matter. Now the old-time methods of reducing weight not only impoverished the blood by some drastic dietary regimen which amounted to partial starvation, but they also resorted to mineral and other injurious drugs, which too often caused chronic dyspepsia, the result being that the blood became poisoned with ill-digested food and uneliminated waste matter, and the whole organism suffered accordingly. Obesity is a disease in itself, but treatments which thus starved and poisoned the system in the way we have described were worse than the disease.

The Antipon treatment, then, enriches and purifies the vital fluid by wholesome food in plenty, well digested and properly assimilated; also by toning up the whole system. Antipon has a remarkable tonic action on the skin, which plays a most important part in the elimination of impure or waste matter from the blood. When the millions of pores of the skin are not in a condition to adequately perform their eliminative work the worst evils may ensue.

Then, again, Antipon absorbs and removes the masses of superfluous fatty matter that interferes with the natural action of the vital organs, and so another danger to life and health—fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and kidneys—is got rid of. The circulation of the blood becomes normal, the lungs have free natural expansion, and breathing becomes natural, the blood being thus freely supplied with oxygen.

In considering these fresh aspects of the Antipon treatment it will be seen that increased health, strength, and vitality, and the renewal of mental and physical energy are essential factors in the cure. That is why Antipon gives entire satisfaction in every case where the simple and pleasant home treatment is conscientiously followed.

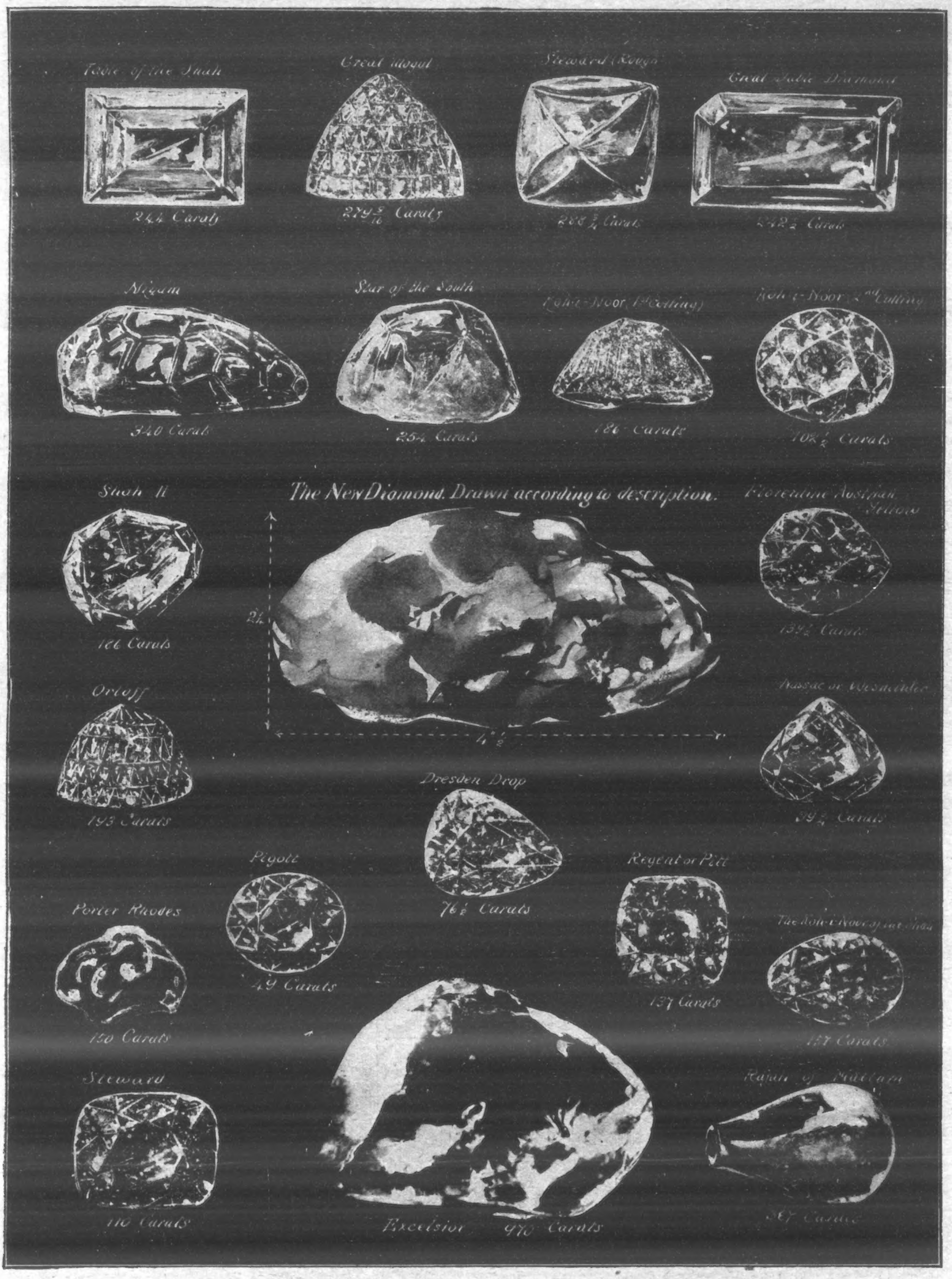
To reduce the weight to normal, to regain prepossessing proportions, to recover muscular development, nerve force and full brain power, whilst enjoying the rational luxuries of the table, without any irritating dietary restrictions—surely these results make the Antipon treatment a priceless blessing, especially to those who have suffered years of distress and humiliation from the intolerable burden of extreme obesity. And when it is added that the tendency to put on flesh abnormally is eradicated, and that the doses may cease as soon as satisfactory conditions of bulk and form are restored, Antipon may certainly lay claim to be the King of Corpulence cures. It stands alone—unique—supreme.

The first few doses will prove its remarkable powers, for within a day and a night there is a decrease of 8 oz. to 3 lb. according to the case. The subject also experiences a delightful feeling of buoyancy. After this initial reduction there is a reliable daily diminution until complete and permanent cure.

Thousands of men and women have voluntarily given grateful testimony to the remarkable virtues of Antipon both as fat-absorbent and tonic, and their letters may be seen at any time at the offices of the Antipon Company.

Antipon contains no trace of any but the most harmless vegetable substances, and never has any disagreeable reactionary effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists' Stores, &c.; or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on remitting amount), carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST DIAMOND FOR THE KING'S CROWN.

It is believed that the Cullinan Diamond, the largest stone of its kind in the world, wh'ch caused such a sensation when it was discovered, will be sent to England to grace King Edward's Crown. General Botha is the originator of the suggestion, and though there is some opposition to the g:ft, there can be little doubt that it will be made. The majority of the people of the Transvaal are eager to give some token of their loyalty to Great Britain, and see in the gift of this great diamond their chance. The Cullinan Diamond is the one measuring 4½ inches, and we give illustrations of other famous stones, so that their comparative size may be made clear.

Reproduction of famous gems by courtesy of Messrs. Streeter

BELFAST·AT·BUSINESS·AGAIN

1

2

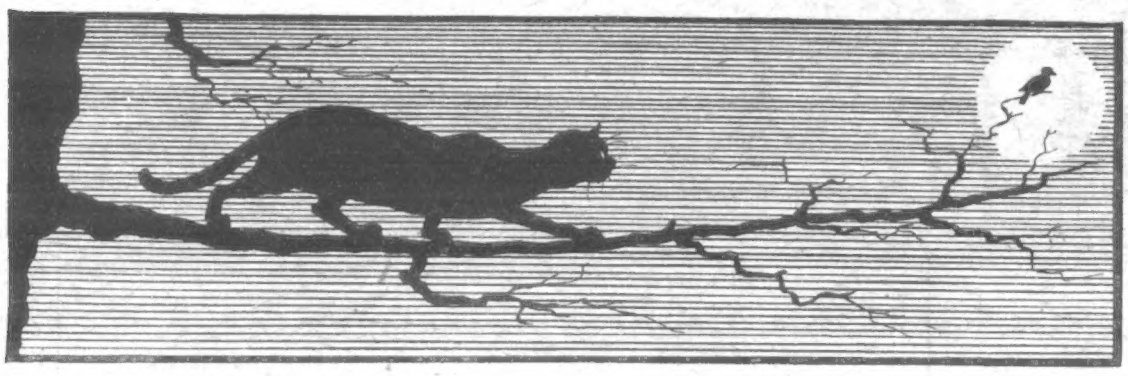
3

4

5

Photos. Topical.

In 1886 riots broke out in Belfast, and they were of such a serious nature that until this year they held the record for dogged fighting; 1907 has seen even more desperate and regrettable scenes, however, and all through Great Britain there is a great feeling of relief now that the trouble has been brought to an end and the majority of the troops have left Belfast. Photographs Nos. 1 and 2 show work again in progress at the docks. 3. A common sight only a few days back—troops escorting a cart through the streets. 4 and 5. A visitor to the docks could scarcely believe that work had ever stopped, for our photographs show how quickly the workers have got into their stride again.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

In that Case.

A tramp called at the house of a gentleman and said—

"I've walked many miles to see you, Sir, because people told me that you was very kind to poor chaps like me."

"Oh, they said so, did they?"

"Yes, Sir; that's why I came."

"And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, in that case, will you be good enough to contradict this rumour?"—*Penny Magazine.*

Business Methods.

Jones had by inadvertence been elected as a member of the local club; but somehow he did not seem to "catch on," as it were, with his fellow-members.

In many ways they strove to make him understand his unpopularity, and one evening he rushed furiously up to a member of the committee.

"Look here," he said, "I've been insulted in this club! A man offered me a hundred pounds if I'd resign my membership. I must do something. What would you advise me to do?"

The committee-man considered a while before replying.

"I'd advise you to hang on for a day or two longer. You'll get a better price then."

Brilliance on the Bench.

"Officer," said the senior magistrate of the little country town, frowning darkly in the effort to look very wise, "what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your Worship," said Constable Cumstock. "He's got three wives."

"Officer," said the magistrate, who was a local coal-merchant in private life, and whose learning was far inferior to his talent for raising prices, "you should be more exact. Why have we instituted evening-schools for our police force if not to teach you that when a man has three wives, he has committed, not bigotry, but trigonometry?"

And the prisoner turned a shade paler as he realised the deep wisdom of the wielder of the sword of justice.—*Answers.*

Not That.

"Miss Simpkins is a long time coming down," he said to that lady's cousin Jane. "Perhaps she is—ha, ha—perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."

Miss Jane smiled coldly.

"No," she said, "it is not her mind that she is making up."

Prepared for Him.

Old Jasper Belding, one of the inhabitants of a small American town, has a very pretty daughter, Mary, on whom he keeps a sharp eye. Many young men have been driven away by a few minutes' chat with the old gentleman.

But on one occasion he met his match.

"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?" said he.

"Yes, I am," was the candid reply.

"Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no' doubt that Mary has inherited her weakness. You know, Mary has a terrible temper. She has more than once thrown things at me when in a rage."

"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have vowed not to give Mary a penny of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start poor and amass wealth gradually. There's more romance in it, Mr. Belding," continued the lover. "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to run away to South America for embezzlement, and served a year in prison for sheep-stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to try and give you a decent reputation. There—no thanks—good evening."

"Foiled!" muttered the father sadly, as the young man went away.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Up Till Now

The cycle-maker was about to retire to rest, when he was startled by a loud thumping on his shop-door.

"Hullo!" he called. "Who's there? What's wrong?"

"You lent out a machine this evenin' to Jimmy Styles," piped a childish treble.

"Yes," grumbled the man; "but I'm not going to take it back at this time of night. He'll have to keep it till the morning, and pay by the hour!"

"Please, Sir," came the little voice again, "Jimmy had a bit of a spill owing to running into a motor-car. Jim's all right—he was thrown into a hedge—but I've brought back all we've found of the machine up till now. But Jim he don't want to pay hire on more 'n he can help!"—*Chums.*

Rather Mixed.

As an old boatman at Margate was busy painting his boat, a young fisherman, "sweet" on his daughter, accoste! him, and the following dialogue was overheard:

Young Man: "I s'pose I can have the gal?"

Old Man: "Certainly, when yer like. She's a fine craft. Wants a little paint now and again on her where the water washes it off; carries a bit too much sail, I'm afeard."

The old man thought the fisherman was refering to his boat, and not to his daughter.—*Penny Magazine.*

Drawn by Lawson Wood.

THE LADY IN A HURRY: "Why didn't you stop at once, conductor, when you saw me waving my hand?"

THE FACETIOUS CONDUCTOR: "Lor', Miss! Why, I thought you was a-throwin' kisses at me."

CASA BLANCA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

A NATIVE BURIAL GROUND.

Which did not escape the general ruin. It will be seen that a shell from one of the battle-ships has torn away a great part of the handsome tomb standing in the centre.

There are still bad times in Morocco, and though the European troops are holding their own, they are having to fight hard to do so. Casa Blanca, one of the finest cities of Morocco, has suffered most, and much of it is ruined, enormous damage having been done by bombardments. Our photograph is a unique one of an encampment of Algerian soldiers waiting for further war.

THE MAIN STREET OF CASA BLANCA,

Which has been reduced to a state of ruin by the bombardment and the attacks of the enemy. Scarcely one house is left whole, and the street is full of débris.

Continued from page 119.

HADDON HALL v. MANSFIELD.

Played at Blackheath on Aug. 17 Scores—

Haddon Hall—A. Litherby, c Carmichael, b H. Draper, 0; F. Maggs, b Carmichael, 1; E. Bickle, run out, 1; S. Gotts, b Carmichael, 6; C. Smith, b H. Draper, 12; B. Maggs, c Barker, b H. Draper, 1; G. Allen, b H. Draper, 1; G. Woods, not out, 3; F. Bridger, c Barker, b H. Draper, 5; extras, 3. Total, 33.

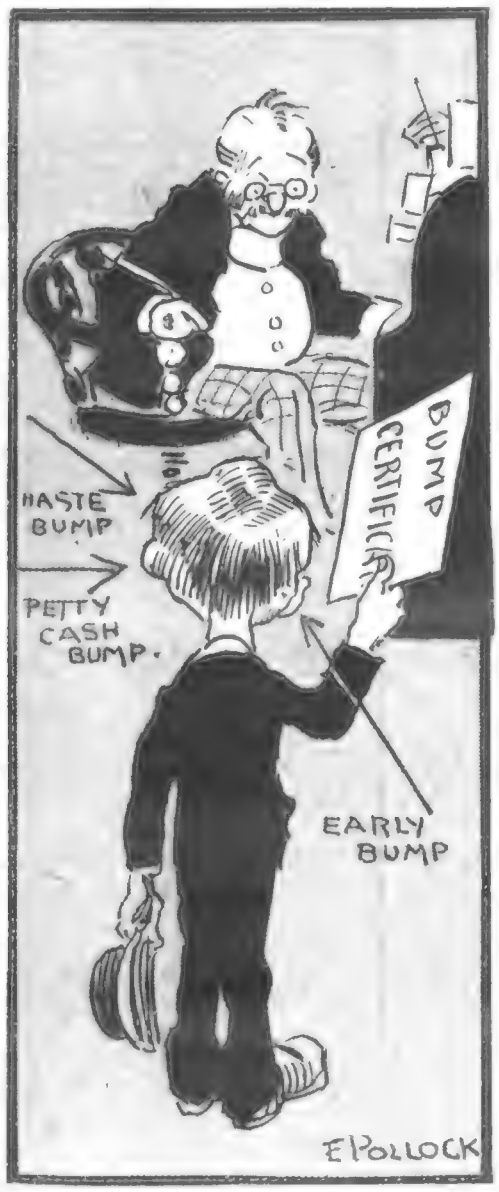
Mansfield—Lillystone, c and b Smith, 32; Watson, l b w, b F. Maggs, 0; Major, b F. Maggs, 0; Barker, c Litherby, b E. Bickle, 0; Riddel, b Smith, 24; Phomphrey, l b w, b Smith, 2; Draper, b Smith, 5; Carmichael, b Smith, 11; Cowel, not out, 1; Jackson, b Smith, 0; Stillet, c Waddington, b Smith, 0; extras, 4. Total, 79

Lillystone and Riddel for Mansfield batted well, scoring 32 and 24 runs respectively. C. Smith, for Haddon Hall, took seven wickets for 19 runs.

In the Yeovil and District Senior Cricket League, South Petherton defeated the Yeovil Y.M.C.A. by 30 runs. Scores: South Petherton, 69 (R. Fish, 17; H. R. Poole, 10); Y.M.C.A., 39. In friendly game, Stoke-under-Ham defeated Tintinhull by an innings and 92 runs. Batting first, Stoke compiled 125 runs (W. Lang, 31; T. Lang, 25; R. Southcombe, 14; H. Candy, 13; B. Chaffey, 11; W. Palmer, 10). H. Seager captured seven wickets for 59 runs. Tintinhull were all dismissed for 7 runs, T. Lang capturing seven wickets for 1 run. He performed the "hat trick," and S. Welsh three wickets for 3 runs. There were 3 extras. Going in a second time, Tintinhull scored 26, W. Greening (8) being top scorer. J. Gaylard captured three wickets for 3 runs (he performed the hat trick); B. Chaffey, three wickets for 8 runs; and S. Welsh, two wickets for 10 runs. Barwick and Stoford, 134; Thornford, 19. Marston Magna, 51; Ilchester, 35. Norton, 106 (B. Fitzmaurice, 48); Preston, 29 (G. Pearse, 13). Queen Camel, 84 (W. Skilliter, 14; A. H. Reed, 13; G. Foot, 13; H. C. Wynn-Werminche, 12); Compton and Blackford, 47.

BASEBALL.

The principal event in baseball was the final of the British Cup, which was played at Clapton, between the Clapton Orient and Fulham clubs, and was a very exciting affair. The scoring was very small, however, and at the finish the home team had just got home by 8 runs to 7. In ordinary matches, Tottenham Hotspur beat Woolwich Arsenal by 22 runs to 5.



THE BUMP-TESTER WITH THE ELECIRIC FEELERS: THE PHRENOMETER.

An American has invented a machine for delineating the character from the bumps of the head. It is an intricate apparatus with electrical attachments, and there is as much entertainment as instruction to be got out of it. It has twenty-five blunt points, which press lightly against the skull, and which indicate at once the height of the bumps. The thirty seconds which the patient's skull spends in its grasp is really occupied by the machine in printing out the results according to a set formula. It is said that the machine cannot lie, and it is therefore probable that it will at once be adopted in all City offices—for the chief to test his subordinates. The Phrenometer should in future be the only writer of characters—if it really is nicknamed George Washington.

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII. *(Continued.)*

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

"I really don't understand you," said Darton coldly; "be more explicit, if you please, Lady Cobbin."

She shrugged her shoulders, and to gain more command over herself, stuck her glass in her eye, and tried to be as manly as possible. "I credited you with more discernment, Dr. Darton. But to be plain, you are in a very dangerous position. There is every chance that you will be accused of having murdered Arthur Gerson."

"It is a lie—a lie!" cried the unfortunate young man savagely; but the perspiration beaded his forehead. "I know nothing."

"I think you know a great deal, Doctor, and I wish you to be plain with me. Confess you know that I am acting for Mr. Mendle?"

"Yes," said Darton reluctantly, "I was told so."

"By Miss Gerson?"

"Don't mention her name: don't mention her name!" and Darton began to stride up and down the narrow room, much agitated.

"I must," said Lady Cobbin firmly, "both for her sake and for your own. I know all about the matter, and I want to discuss it, so that you may be saved from arrest."

"I don't care if I am arrested."

"Don't be foolish. You must bear up and defend yourself, if only for the sake of that sweet girl who loves you."

"Loves me! loves me!" Darton raised both his arms with a groan. "Why Belinda has refused to marry me. We have parted for ever."

CHAPTER XIII.

HONOUR AMONGST THIEVES.

It was characteristic of Lady Cobbin's state of mind that she felt a sudden sensation of delight on hearing Darton's despairing speech. An hour previous and she would have scoffed at the idea that so strong-minded a woman as herself would fall in love. But the unexpected is particularly liable to happen to the emotions, and we have Marlow's dictum as to the actuality of love at first sight. It was certainly so with the inquiry-agent. She was as controlled by desire for this man as any raw girl, and although the passion had not grown quite as rapidly as Jonah's gourd, yet she felt that the root of this unexpected feeling was firmly fixed in her heart. Nevertheless, she treated the matter outwardly as though it concerned her very little. It would not do, she rapidly decided, to spread her net too ostentatiously within sight of the bird she desired to capture.

"Surely you are mistaken," she exclaimed; "only yesterday I saw Miss Gerson, and she defended you vigorously."

"Nevertheless she believes me to be guilty," said Darton wearily.

"I cannot believe that," replied Lady Cobbin, marvelling at the weakness of Belinda's love.

"I had it from her own lips."

"Then you have seen her?"

"Last night. She sent for me and told me that we must part."

"Did she accuse you of this crime?"

"Not in so many words; but I saw what she meant. I tried vainly to get her to explain, but she was so overwrought and ill that she declined to speak openly. All I could gather from her was that she could never marry me, and that we must never meet again. What can that mean, but that she believes me to be guilty?"

"I shouldn't jump to that conclusion," said Lady Cobbin slowly. "It might be that she declines to marry you in the hope of saving you from arrest, and perhaps from the gallows."

Darton dropped into the chair before his escritoire. "What do you mean by that?" he asked blankly.

"Mr. Mendle loves her."

"Well?"

"Mr. Mendle has engaged me to search for the assassin of Arthur Gerson, and it may be that if he learns Miss Gerson's determination not to become your wife, he will arrange to dispense with my services."

Darton looked at her. "You mean that Belinda will become Mendle's wife and sacrifice herself to save me."

"Something like that."

"I refuse to accept such a sacrifice," cried the young doctor with despairing vigour. "Belinda has no right to believe that I killed her brother. If she loved me she would not credit me with so base a crime."

"Yet love is sacrifice," said Lady Cobbin impressively.

Darton shook his head, and again began to walk up and down the room, greatly agitated. Presently he became calmer, and stopped short before the inquiry-agent. It struck him that he was too frank with this strange woman. "I don't know why you come here and mix yourself up with my private affairs," he said, much annoyed; "and, having taken me by surprise, you have betrayed me into speaking about things which do not concern you in the least. Be good enough to forget what I have said, and let me advise you medically on your case."

Milady smiled calmly. "I am quite well," she said promptly. "I have nothing the matter with me."

"Then why are you here?"

"I have come professionally."

"I expected that you would," said Darton bitterly. "Belinda told me last night how you went to question Miss Lane, and warned me that I would be the next to be examined. When I received your note this morning I purposely went out to avoid you."

"So I thought. But you see that we have met after all."

"Thanks to your pertinacity."

"I should not be a proper agent were I not pertinacious," said Lady Cobbin coolly. "After all, I am an honest woman, and cannot accept Mr. Mendle's money unless I earn it by doing his will."

"Which is to hang me?"

"He believes you to be guilty."

"On what grounds?"

"That is a long story. Would you like to hear it?"

"No," said the doctor decisively. "I am perfectly innocent, and refuse to be placed in the witness-box."

"Better that than to stand in the dock."

"You dare to hint that I killed Arthur Gerson?"

"If I do not dare, Mr. Mendle will. You will have to explain yourself to him or to me. As I am your friend, don't you think that it would be better to be frank at this present moment?"

"Why are you my friend?" asked Darton unexpectedly.

To Lady Cobbin's annoyance and surprise, she felt her cheeks grow hot and red, and her eyes dropped. A woman would have guessed what was in her mind without further evidence, but Darton being a man, and not an intuitive reader of character, persisted in his question. She was forced to answer. "I don't think that you are guilty," she said weakly, and glanced at him for one swift second. Then her eyes fell again, and she moved uneasily.

"Mendle thinks that I am guilty," said Darton sharply. "I should like to know on what grounds. You think that I am innocent; for what reason, if you please?" Lady Cobbin made no answer, and he continued: "In either case there is no evidence. I firmly believe that. I have nothing to do with the matter. I stand apart from it, and I refuse to be dragged into an affair which has nothing to do with me."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the woman significantly.

"So sure that I must ask you to go."

Milady rose meekly, looking very much the yielding woman. She admired Darton for his unflinching defence of his position, and felt that here was a strong man, whom she could love and obey. "I shall go at once, since you ask me."

Dr. Darton opened the door of the consulting-room politely. "I wish you a very good day," he said in his stiffest manner.

Lady Cobbin moved towards the door, but, wishing to stay in his presence, made one attempt to prolong the conversation. "Of course, if Mr. Mendle dispenses with my services and tells what he knows to Inspector Hake, you must be prepared to face the worst."

This remark made Darton quiver. "Will he dare to go to the police?"

"Why not? He believes you to be guilty."

"And you?"

"I honestly confess that I came here prepared to take Mr. Mendle's view," she said frankly, and raised her eyes steadily to look into those of the young man; "but, since seeing you, I have changed my opinion. I believe you to be innocent. I said so before. It seems to me that we talk in a circle. I had better go."

Darton stopped her by closing the door. Now that she wanted to end the conversation he wished to continue it. After all, as he rapidly considered, it would be better to confide in a friend than in an enemy, and that this strange-looking woman was anxious to befriend him he saw very plainly, although he could not guess the reason. "Before you go," he said coldly, "I should like to hear upon what grounds Mr. Mendle credits me with the death of his ward."

Lady Cobbin sat down, secretly exulting that she had obtained the satisfaction of remaining in his presence. "You were at the Piccadilly Theatre on the night when the crime was committed?"

"Certainly I was, but the Piccadilly Theatre is very far from the place where the murder took place. I went to the theatre—why should I conceal it now?—to meet Miss Gerson. Mr. Mendle, then being her guardian, would not allow me to enter the house in Clement Street; so, with the connivance of Miss Lane, we enjoyed stolen meetings in the stalls of the theatre."

"Where did you go after the theatre?"

"I explained when unexpectedly called upon to give evidence at the inquest. I left about half-past ten o'clock, and before the play ended Miss Lane was acting in the earlier part of the play and was expected to return home at that hour. Miss Gerson wanted to go with her. However, when we came out, we could not find Miss Lane."

"She had gone on to the City in the cab driven by her half-brother."

"So Miss Gerson told me last night," said Darton quickly. "Well, as Miss Lane was away, I placed Miss Gerson in a hansom and told the driver to take her to Clement Street. Then I saw a patient, and afterwards returned home."

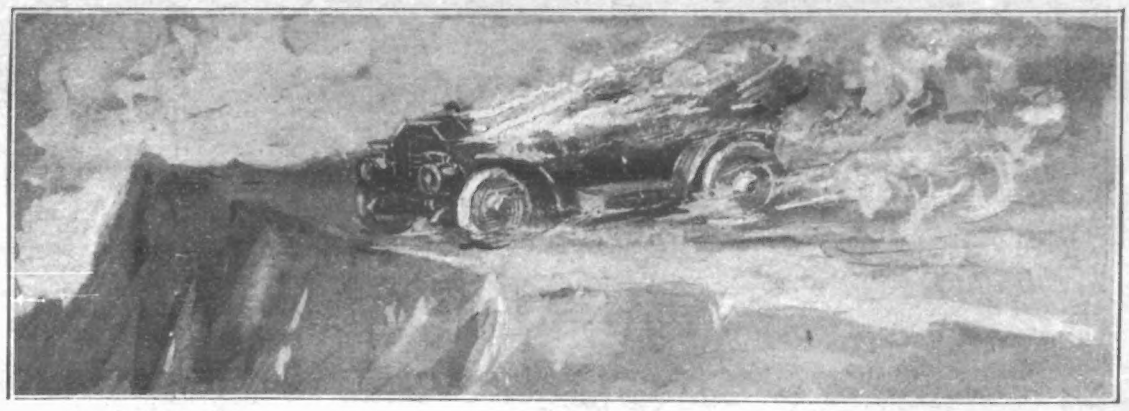
"At what time did you return home?"

"I was in this room at ten minutes past eleven. Therefore, Lady Cobbin, you will understand that, as Arthur Gerson, according to the medical evidence, was murdered at eleven, I could not have reached Bloomsbury from the City in so short a time."

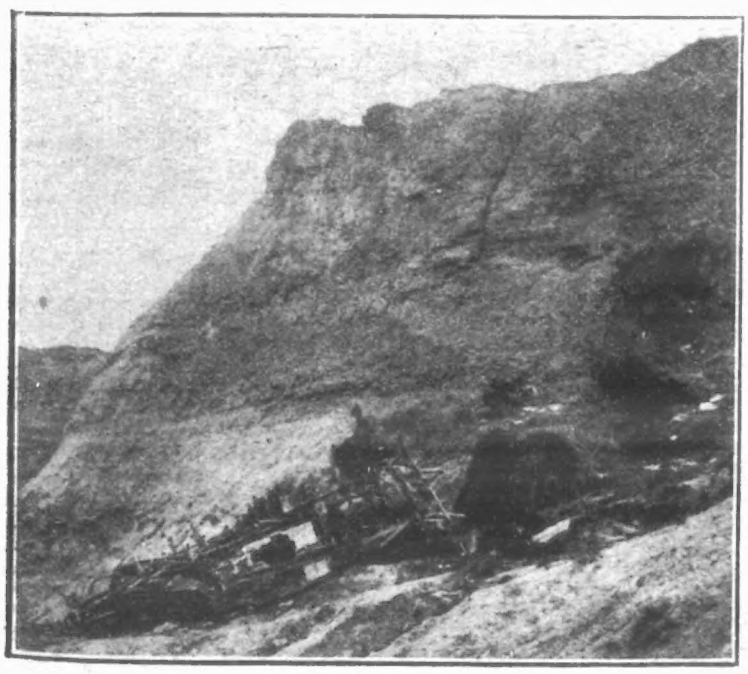
"No," murmured Milady, wondering if he was telling the exact truth or lying to save the situation. "Then I take it that your patient's house was on the way to Bloomsbury? In fact, that you came straight here, save for a short visit to your patient?"

"Loves me! Loves me!" Darton, with a groan, threw up his hands.

MOTORISTS' MARVELLOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.



the car leapt into space —



—and crashed down to the base of the cliffs, where it lay a shapeless mass, as shown in our photograph.

Bexhill has been the scene of a motor accident that might have ended in death, in fact, it appears little short of a miracle that the occupants of the car, Mr. Pulham and a chauffeur, escaped. They were driving up the steep slope of the track at Bexhill when the car fired and dashed towards the cliff. Just in time the occupants jumped out—

"Yes." Darton wiped his face, and an expression of relief passed across it. "My patient is a tradesman in Charing Cross Road, who lives over his shop. I came by that way, which leads, as you know, to Elder Square, almost in a straight line."

"If necessary, you can give me the name of the patient, I suppose?"

"Certainly. But I should think that my word was sufficient, without your questioning my patient. Such a course would not do me any good."

"I take your word for it," said Lady Cobbin quickly, and not wishing to press the young man too hard. "But, of course, should the police intervene, your patient must prove the time of your visit."

Darton looked at her straightly. "I count upon you to prevent the interference of the police," he said quietly. "For me to be mixed up in a murder case would ruin me professionally, and Heaven knows I have worked hard to get together the small practice which I possess."

"Quite so," said Milady, nodding. "I daresay Mr. Mendle will be satisfied that he is mistaken when he hears that you can prove an alibi. I shall do my best to serve you."

"Thank you," said Darton simply, and wondered again, as he had wondered before, why she was so willing to help him. Yet, from the almost tender tone in which she made the last remark, he might have guessed the reason for the great interest which she displayed in his well-being. However, he did not, and continued—unnecessarily, as Lady Cobbin thought—to defend himself. "And, of course, I had no reason to kill that wretched boy."

"Ah, Mr. Mendle thinks otherwise. You know, I presume, that Arthur Gerson was married?"

"Yes. Miss Gerson told me last night."

"Did she tell you what young Mrs. Gerson said about certain papers?"

Wilfred turned pale. "No," he stuttered, painfully embarrassed. "She was not entirely frank with me. In fact, she rushed out of the room in the middle of our conversation, so I had to leave the house. All I knew was that we had parted for ever."

"Well," said Lady Cobbin, who quite understood Belinda's reluctance to give her lover details, which would mean plain accusation. "Mrs. Gerson stated that her husband had some papers in a blue envelope which he said belonged to you. He wished to sell them to you, in fact, and she understood that he was to meet you on the night of the murder in order to return them on payment of a sum of money."

Darton laughed artificially. "How ridiculous," he said faintly. "How could a struggling medical man like myself pay money for any papers, however important?"

"Did Arthur Gerson have papers that belonged to you?"

"Yes," Darton admitted reluctantly. "Arthur Gerson was a thief."

"A thief?"

Darton nodded firmly. "He came into this room one day when I was absent to speak to me about this marriage with his sister, as he was very much against it. Having heard from me that I possessed certain family papers, which dealt with a possible inheritance, he broke open this desk"—Wilfred tapped the escritoire—"and stole them. He afterwards proposed to give them back to me for money. Of course I could not pay the large sum he asked. The matter remained there."

"Yet the papers were in the blue envelope, and that was found torn at the feet of the dead man," said Lady Cobbin, looking at him in a piercing manner; "also, for some reason, the envelope was a waterproof one. Can you explain that?"

"I can explain nothing more," said the young man rising. "I think I have answered enough questions. Will you please to go to your employer, Lady Cobbin, and state the reasons I have given you, which prove my innocence. Should he invite the interference of the police, I am quite able to defend myself."

"I think you are," said Milady, although she was privately certain that Darton dreaded the authority of the law. "And Miss Gerson?"

"We have parted for ever," said Wilfred, for the third time.

"Perhaps not," replied the woman consolingly, although she wished for nothing better. "You will allow me to come and see you again?"

"Certainly. It is extremely kind of you to interest yourself on my behalf. I shall repay you some day, if I can."

"I want no repayment from you," said Lady Cobbin, as they stood at the door, and her tone was so unmistakable that Darton coloured like a boy. He opened the outer door hurriedly.

"Good-day! Good-day!" he said quickly, and still flushing. Then he closed the door, and Lady Cobbin found herself shut out from Paradise.

On her way to see Mendle in the City, she trod on air, for, true to her health convictions, Lady Cobbin walked there along Holborn, and across the Viaduct. It seemed to her that with Belinda out of the way, and with Darton dependent upon herself to prove his innocence, she could not fail to gain him. Deprived of Belinda's love, he would naturally turn for consolation to some other woman, and why not to one who was able to save him from arrest, if not from death? Lady Cobbin was not so blinded by love as to overlook the flaws in Darton's defence. He had plainly stated that Arthur had possessed important papers, belonging to him, for which the young scoundrel wanted money; but he had shirked acknowledging that a meeting had been appointed on the night of the murder between himself and Gerson for the delivery of the blue envelope. If Mendle knew of this omission he would certainly put Hake on Darton's track. But Lady Cobbin was firmly resolved to defend the man she loved, and considered what she should say to Mendle when she interviewed him. But after a time, and long before she reached Cade Lane, she forgot her profession in her newly found passion, and began to dream of a possible future with Wilfred Darton as her husband. And yet, before the meeting, no one would have laughed so loudly as Lady Cobbin at the idea of a woman falling in love on the instant. To act so impulsively, she would have decided, would have been due to the emotional temperament of a fool. Yet she was the fool, and, strange to say, she enjoyed the sensation of being one.

Mendle was in his office, as Parley informed the inquiry-agent. Lady Cobbin looked rather curiously at the meek, white-haired clerk, who was the father-in-law of the dead man, and recalled how Ellen had stated that he had struck her husband for beating her. Robert Parley did not look as though he would harm a fly, and it was strange that so old and obviously feeble a man should have displayed such boldness. But the weakest of animals will fight for their young, and apparently Parley was so wrapped up in the commonplace pretty girl who had married his master's ward that he was capable of positive heroism. However, she had not much time to read Parley's character in his sheep-like face, for Mendle appeared at the door of his room and asked her to step inside. The man looked more lean and haggard and nervous than ever. Dressed in his rusty black, with his sickly looks and bent figure, Lady Cobbin, who had an eye for a fine man, wondered that he had the courage to hope that Belinda Gerson, with five thousand a year, would accept him. But men are vainer than women, in spite of the generally held opinion to the contrary.

"Well," said Mendle, closing the office door and placing a chair for the new-comer, "and what have you learned?"

"A great deal," she answered, pulling off her gloves. "I am thinking how much, or how little, I shall tell you."

"You must tell me all," snapped the lawyer. "Am I not your employer? As I pay the piper, I call the tune."

Lady Cobbin looked at him absently, as though she had not heard him, and, indeed, she had paid small attention, being taken up with her own thoughts. "You want to marry Belinda?" she said abruptly.

"Yes. I love her, and she has five thousand a year."

"Which you also love. Well, then, I'll help you to marry Belinda on one condition."

"What is that?" Mendle looked surprised at her tone.

"That you drop persecuting Dr. Darton."

"But if he is guilty?"

"Guilty or not guilty, you must leave him alone."

"Then he will marry Belinda, and I'll be left out in the cold."

"No," insisted Lady Cobbin; "if you follow my directions, you will marry Belinda Gerson, and Dr. Darton——" She hesitated, and coloured.

"Well? well? well?" said Mendle impatiently and suspiciously.

"He will marry me," she finished, with an effort.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

Mendle, who had hitherto been standing, gasped and collapsed into his seat. Without speaking he stared at Lady Cobbin, quite bewildered by her sudden and extraordinary announcement. Of all the things he expected her to say he least anticipated this remark. Under his gaze Lady Cobbin moved uneasily, colouring with a woman's acute modesty, and paling with nervous fear. Yet she was the last person in the world to display nervousness. But then, with the advent of Darton, the circumstances of her particular world had changed. As Mendle still continued to stare as though hypnotised, she broke the silence.

"You seem surprised," she observed, with a conscious laugh.

"I am thunderstruck," replied the lawyer, and then began to smile.

This irritated her more than his silence had done. "Why do you laugh? Why are you thunderstruck?" she demanded crossly. "I have not horns growing out of my head, have I?"

"But to marry Darton is——"

"Madness," finished the other tartly. "Perhaps it is, according to your standard. Marriage should mean beauty, and I have none; it should include money, and he is penniless. I am mad to think of marrying him. I quite agree with you. Nevertheless, I intend that he shall become my husband."

"Have you asked him yet?" demanded Mendle dryly.

"No!" She flushed again, and again became pale. "It is early days yet."

"Very early days. I never knew that you were acquainted with him."

"I saw him for the first time this afternoon."

"Good Lord!" Mendle stared harder than ever.

"It is strange, is it not?" said Lady Cobbin, trying desperately to defend her proposed action. "I am an elderly woman, by no means good looking, and I have hitherto been credited with more sense than is usually allowed to our sex. Yet here have I fallen in love like a young girl devoted to penny novels. I have been subjugated by the looks of a man, and I am prepared to take him for my husband without learning if his mind corresponds to his appearance. You are quite right to laugh, Mr. Mendle. I should laugh also, were I to see someone else in such a quandary. As it is, I suffer."

"You suffer? Why?"

"Can you ask?" she exclaimed vehemently. "I am neither handsome nor attractive, nor have I any position let alone wealth. What have I to offer Wilfred Darton?"

"Common sense, which he sadly needs."

"I think you are mistaken there. Dr. Darton is clever and knows how to deal with the dilemma in which he finds himself. As to my giving him common sense, I have none, else I would not let my business be biassed by my personal feelings."

"That means treachery on your part."

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Cobbin indignantly.

"To save him you will sacrifice me."

"I don't understand."

"Yes you do. I want to marry Belinda. It is necessary to obtain her good-will by bringing the assassin of her brother to the gallows. Obviously, Darton is the man. Yet, to marry him, you are prepared to save his neck and, I presume, his reputation."

"I am. But I offer you a price for him. You shall marry Belinda if I marry Wilfred."

"Oh," sneered Mendle, "it has come to 'Wilfred'!"

"Don't laugh," said Milady pathetically. "I can't help my feelings."

"But look at yourself in the glass, my good woman."

Mendle had gone too far, and knew it, for he shrank before the look on her face. "You mean hound!" cried Lady Cobbin, rising to pour out her wrath on him. "You dare to speak to me like that! What a beast you are! Don't I know my own imperfections too well. Why should you point them out. Look at home, Mr. Lewis Mendle; look into the glass yourself. What have you to offer a pretty, wealthy girl like Belinda Gerson? You have no money, or very little. As to your appearance, you must be blind not to see yourself as I see you, and doubtless as Miss Gerson herself beholds you. But that I needed you, I should leave you this instant and never speak to you again. Yet, before I go, I must have your promise to leave Wilfred Darton alone."

"I shall not," snarled Mendle, cowering before her.

Lady Cobbin caught him by his lean shoulders, and shook him with a fierceness of which he did not think her capable. "I'll shake the breath out of your body if you don't do as I tell you," she said savagely. "I tell you that I am in earnest over this man. Guilty or not, he goes free to marry me. Will you obey? Will you? will you? will you?" And, pushing him chair and all against the wall, she knocked his head with every repetition against the panelling.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped the lawyer. "leave me alone. Yes! yes! Only let me go. You'll kill me. Ow! ow!" And he gasped as Lady Cobbin gave him a final knock, and a pretty hard one.

"You were always a coward," she said, stepping back and wiping her hands on her handkerchief, as though she had been touching an unclean thing; "were you a man you would have twisted my neck before I set hands on you. Well, now that you have agreed——"

"I don't know that I have. Keep back!" He started to his feet and flung out a pair of quivering hands. "I'll give you in charge for assault. My clerks are outside. I'll call them."

Lady Cobbin contemptuously pushed a small hand-bell on to the blotting-paper. "There you are," she said scornfully, "ring them in. Why don't you?" seeing him hesitate. "I have no reputation to lose. I am quite willing to face a police-court."

(To be continued.)

ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE SHAPES FOR THIS SEASON'S HATS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

MANY women prefer knitting to almost any other work, and a child's hood has the merit of being quite easy to make, and withal does not make too much demand upon one's mental abilities. A soft glossy wool should be used, and it can be obtained in many charming tints at from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per lb., according to texture required. White bone pins may be used. Cast on twenty-eight stitches and knit plain until you have the length required. Then cast off. Sew up the back with a rug-needle, trim the edge with loop knitting (which is made by throwing the wool twice over the finger and drawing the pins through, then add bows of ribbon to match.

How to Knit a Child's Hood.

Milk-and-egg is one of the most nourishing drinks for an invalid, and, indeed, is a capital pick-me-up for anyone not very strong. The following is a good recipe: Beat the yolk of an egg until thick and light, together with one tablespoonful of sugar, juice of one half of a lemon, and a little nutmeg. Pour into a glass, and fill up with hot milk, stirring meanwhile. If this is daintily served on a tiny tray with a pretty cloth and a small spoon it will be doubly appreciated.

To Tempt an Invalid.

Cocoanut-matting, which proves so durable in wear, can be brightened by the application of a little salt and water. It should, of course, first be well swept on both sides, the brush going with, not across, the way of the matting. Grease spots can be taken out by wetting the spots with alcohol and rubbing with white Castile soap. Let the soap dry, and wash off with warm salt water. The matting should always be thoroughly aired and dried before being relaid or rolled up, as if left down it is apt to rot and discolour, and to give out an unpleasant odour. Eiderdown quilts sometimes get hard, and seem to lose all their elasticity. If they are hung out in the sun for a few hours they will be found to become quite soft, and to have all the "life" returned to them.

To Clean Cocoanut-Matting.

Too often there is a tendency among growing children to stooping and round shoulders. The way to correct this is to teach them to sleep on a very stiffly stuffed hair-mattress, with a pillow that lifts the head only an inch above the level of the rest of the body. A soft bed and plenty of easy pillows is one of the principal causes of crooked shoulders. To sleep with the head high is a mistake, and a hard bed is far more hygienic than a soft one. The children should also be taught to walk if they are to become sturdy and robust. Nothing is more hurtful to a child's physical welfare than not to teach it to make a right use of its limbs and walk in the open air a certain distance every day. Of course, this does not apply to very young ones.

Round Shoulders.

To ensure healthy little folks in the nursery, a plain, wholesome diet should always be served. Baked apples, stewed fruits, and milk-puddings are the sweets to be recommended, varied by boiled suet-puddings, served with treacle or jam, or made with currants or sultanas. Potatoes for the nursery are best baked or boiled in their jackets. They supply in that manner, besides the starch, all the wholesome salts that the skin preserves during the process of cooking, and which is lost if they are peeled.

To Cook Potatoes for the Nursery.

To clean tan shoes, which often become more dirty and discoloured during the holidays at the country and seaside than in town, rub on a soft, damp rag a little soap, and wipe the shoes thoroughly. Wipe as dry as possible with another cloth, and then apply a good brown polish lightly and evenly with a sponge. As a substitute for polish fruit may be used. Lemon will be found most effectual in removing stains from tan or brown leather boots, and they can afterwards be beautifully polished with the aid of a banana-skin. Rub the inside of the skin all over the boot, and polish with a soft cloth. If a little dressing is applied to tan shoes daily it will tend to give them a much richer and darker colour, and will preserve the leather by making it dust and water proof. In cold weather patent leather shoes should always be warmed before being worn. This will obviate any tendency to crack. Dust, however, is apt to have a worse effect on patent leather than almost anything, and it should be carefully removed by wiping the shoes with a damp cloth while they are still on the feet and then briskly rubbing with a dry one. Olive oil and vaseline are good for polishing patent leather, while milk is frequently used.

To Clean Brown Boots and Patent Leather.

LARGE HATS ARE BEING WORN THIS YEAR, AND OUR DRAWING SHOWS ONE SUITABLE FOR LATE SUMMER WEAR.

Photo. Bassano.

MISS DENISE ORME MARRIES LORD CHURSTON'S SON.

Five months ago a very pretty little romance reached its climax when Miss Denise Orme, one of the most popular actresses of to-day, quietly married the Hon. Yarde-Buller, son and heir of Lord Churston. The first meeting of the young couple took place at a dance, love at first sight followed, and only a few months later the marriage took place. It is probable that "Miss Orme" will leave the stage as soon as her present contracts have expired.

There is nothing assures a happy and contented household more than a well-managed table. By that I do not mean that it is necessary for all the expensive luxuries of the season to be bought, for there are many inexpensive ways of adding to the daintiness and palatableness of a meal. Just at the present time fruit is very cheap, but when served alone it seems to lack something. The practical housewife will at once say—"Custard!" Luckily, modern enterprise has made it possible to prepare this delicacy very simply. Bird's custard-powder, for instance, has a world-wide reputation for its excellence, and for the manner in which it brings out the full flavour of the fruit. It is inexpensive, pure, and obtainable everywhere.

The Home Happy.

In summer weather the salad is a matter which demands serious consideration. So few people can mix a really good salad, yet it is the one thing which everyone is under the impression that they can do better than anyone else. All greenstuff for salad should be thoroughly well dried before being admitted to the bowl, and the salad itself will be improved if the inside of the bowl is previously rubbed over with an onion, which will impart just the delicate flavouring necessary. The following will be found a good dressing. Take two hard-boiled eggs and the yolk of one fresh, a teaspoonful of mustard, one of salt, and a little pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar, four of oil, and four of vinegar. Mix thoroughly and toss the salad well. An appetising way of using up cold meat is to make a salad of it. Cut several pieces of the meat rather finely and place them in a dish, chop up a small onion very finely with a little parsley and sprinkle over it, adding a little salt, pepper, vinegar, and salad oil. Then slice two hard-boiled eggs and lay around the meat.

The Salad-Bowl.

This makes a capital luncheon or supper dish when unexpected visitors arrive, and it is feared that the cold joint will not go round for all. Manipulated in this way, it will serve a far greater number. The remains of cold fowl, salmon, or lobster cutlets may also be treated in the same way to tide over an emergency meal.

An Emergency Meal.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

My Garden Plans.

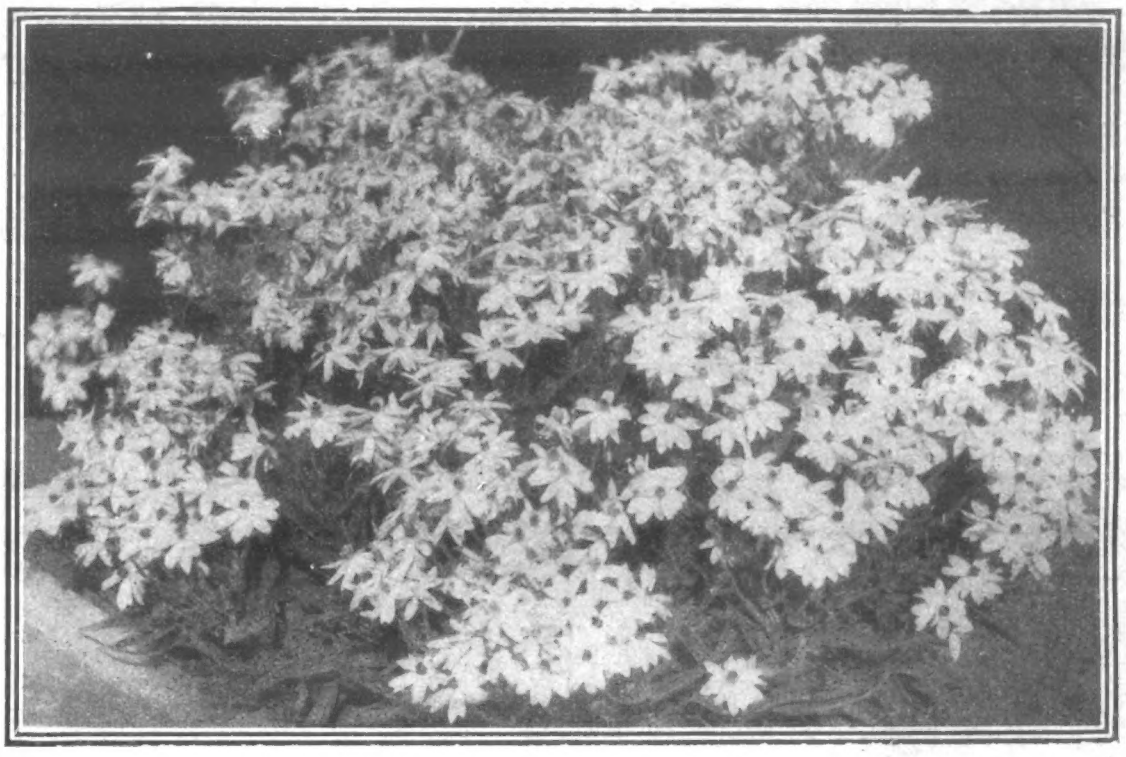
AUG. 24 TO 30.—I see that the leaves, particularly those of the chestnut, are already beginning to fall, and it behoves the amateur to stave off the end of an all-too-short summer by keeping his garden neat and trim. All dead leaves and faded blooms should be removed as quickly as they appear, and it is surprising how fresh and bright the borders may be kept by this simple means. My garden plans for this week are much the same as those for other weeks this month, and time is mostly taken up in harvesting crops and keeping things spick and span rather than in planting. I am in the thick of making another strawberry bed from runners, however; the roots of these runners require to be carefully spread out when planting, and I need not mention that the soil around them can hardly be made too firm. Cabbage plants I am, of course, bedding-out, as the ground becomes vacant after peas, potatoes, and such crops, and I would caution the amateur against planting too closely. Closely planted stuff has no chance of maturing satisfactorily. Cuttings just now may well be taken of various plants, particularly geraniums, fuchsias, snapdragons, as well as many of the evergreens. Dahlias require constant attention, and the lower ingrowing shoots should be pinched out.

Garden Edgings.

There are edgings—and edgings! It is surprising, however, what a vast difference smart edgings give to a garden, and the subject is worthy of some thought. A good and lasting edging may be made from stout pieces of wood, nailed to strong posts driven into the ground; but many object to the practice on account of its backyardy appearance. Tiles, of course, are pretty and effective, but as good Staffordshire ones cost three-halfpence each, and there are only four to the yard, the expense often makes them out of the question. After all, perhaps, to the keen gardener there is nothing so pleasing as the "live" edge. A smartly kept edging of box delights the eye summer and winter, and gives very little trouble. Another capital plan (and now is the best time to carry it out) is to take cuttings of the euonymos, both gold and green, and stick them in round the edge of your beds. These cuttings quickly root, and a low thick edging is speedily assured. Those of you who have travelled much on the Continent will agree with me as to the effectiveness of this edging, which is very popular through France and Germany. Yet another excellent plan, though a slower one, is to gather a goodly number of acorns and plant them at equal distances—say four inches—round your borders. The resulting oaks may be clipped until a neat, compact edging is formed that will become denser from year to year. Rough stones of good size make acceptable edgings, but their chief drawback is the encouragement they offer weeds.

"P.I.P." in Fowls.

I have before me an inquiry from Mr. E. G. West, of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, which in itself is flattering, showing that my humble efforts are felt so far off as in the West Indies. The inquiry refers to P.I.P.—not the journal, but that poultry disease known as "pip." In reply to Mr. West, "pip," otherwise a horny substance growing on the end of the tongue, may be due to many causes. It may be "gapes," a disease of the windpipe, a stomach trouble through improper feeding, catarrh, or cold through sleeping in a draughty house. Anyway, the cause must first be traced and removed. If it is "gapes," saffron rolled in bread-crumbs is the best remedy. Having traced the trouble to its root and removed it, the birds may be doctored. First cover the tongue with pure glycerine, and when the horny substance is softened and loosened it may easily be removed.



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REPLIES IN BRIEF.

HENRY SKATE (Wigan).—It is too early yet to move the privet, if you can possibly avoid so doing. October would be a far better time.

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H. J. TYNER.—See paragraph regarding edgings above. April is the most suitable time to plant box-edgings.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Address all inquiries to me personally, at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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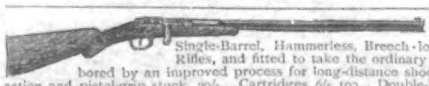
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